

TRUE AMAZING
ACCOUNTS of

Oct. - Nov. 10¢

Big
52 pages!
DON'T TAKE
LESS!

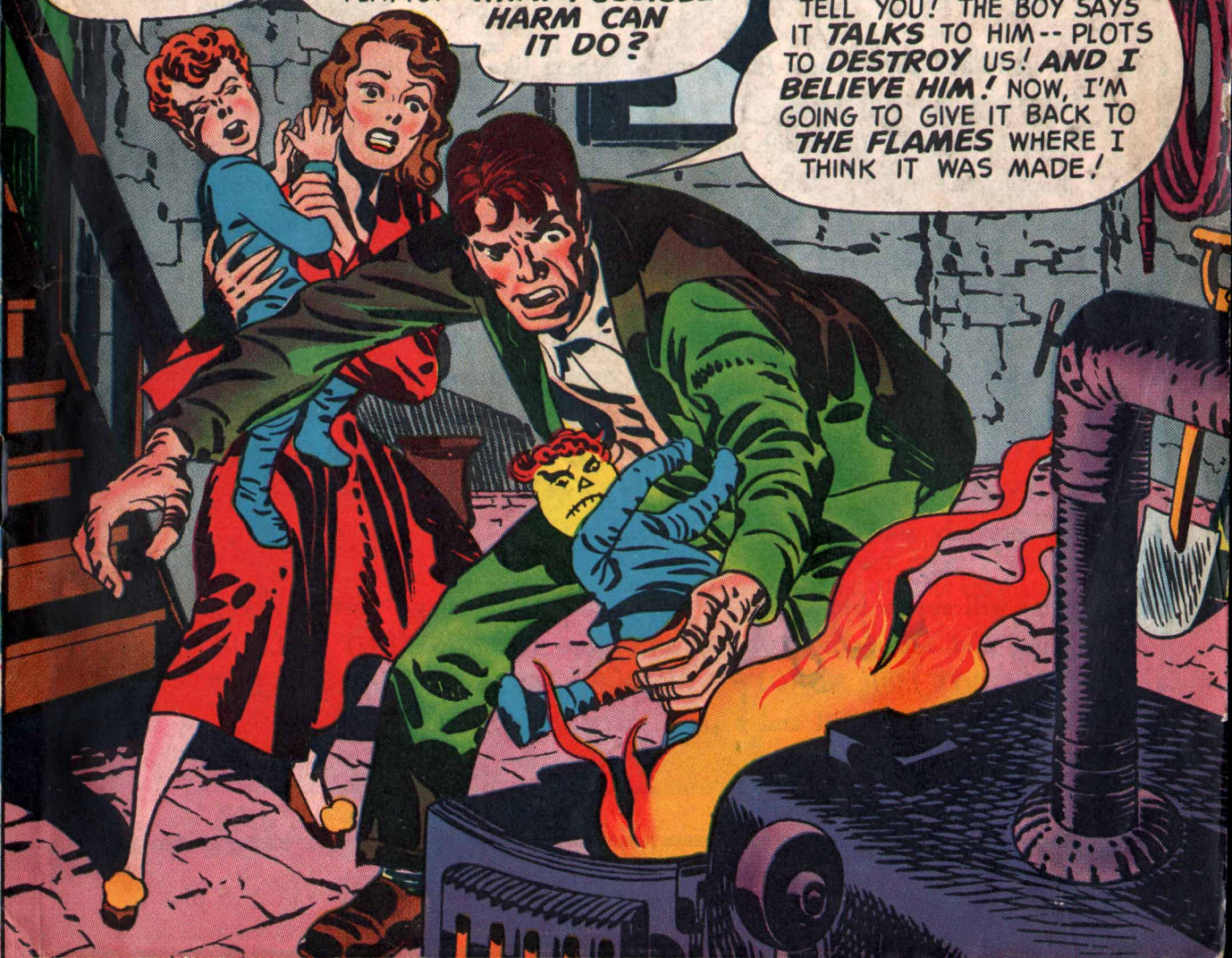
BLACK MAGIC

THE STRANGEST
STORIES EVER TOLD!

MY DOLLY!
DADDY BURN
MY DOLLY!

YOU CAN'T BLAME OUR
TRAGEDIES ON THE BABY'S
DOLL!.. -IT'S ONLY A
PLAYTOY! **WHAT POSSIBLE
HARM CAN
IT DO?**

IT'S A THING OF
MALICE AND **EVIL**, I
TELL YOU! THE BOY SAYS
IT **TALKS** TO HIM-- PLOTS
TO **DESTROY** US! **AND I
BELIEVE HIM!** NOW, I'M
GOING TO GIVE IT BACK TO
THE FLAMES WHERE I
THINK IT WAS MADE!





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“With God All Things Are Possible!”



Are you facing difficult *Problems*? *Poor health*? *Money or Job Troubles*? *Love or Family Troubles*? Are you *Worried* about someone dear to you? Is someone dear to you *Drinking* too much? Do you ever get *Lonely—Unhappy—Discouraged*? Would you like to have more *Happiness, Success* and “*Good fortune*” in life?

If you have any of these *Problems*, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful *News*—*News* of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious *new* happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in *Prayer* or not, this remarkable NEW WAY may bring a whole *New* world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy *in any way*—we invite you to send your name and address now with 6c in stamps so we can rush FULL INFORMATION to you by AIR MAIL about this remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping so many, many others and may just as certainly and quickly help YOU.

You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just mail your name and address now with 6c in stamps to *LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, BOX 1508, NOROTON, CONN.* We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL!

THERE IS ONLY ONE LIVING MAN WHO KNOWS
WHAT A DYING PERSON SEES IN THAT--

LAST SECOND of LIFE!

This is the story of MATTHEW CRANE--his forbidden venture into the beyond--and what he discovered there!

IT'S TRUE! AND I'LL TESTIFY TO IT! ALTHOUGH MATTHEW CRANE IS ALIVE, HE KNOWS WHAT LIES AFTER DEATH! I'M GEORGE BERGER, CRANE'S PERSONAL SECRETARY! I KNOW ALL THE FACTS!

I'LL VERIFY MISTER BERGER'S STATEMENT. I WAS AT THE BEDSIDE WHEN MISTER CRANE FORCED THE ANSWER FROM THAT POOR DYING WOMAN! IT WAS TERRIBLE! I-I COULDN'T STOP HIM!

MATTHEW CRANE IS AN AMAZING MAN! AND NOW HE KNOWS A MOST AMAZING TRUTH! I'M DOCTOR HERBERT MICHAELS! I SHALL ALWAYS BE AVAILABLE FOR A STATEMENT!



Here is a collection of *THE STRANGEST STORIES EVER TOLD!*

Incredible as they may seem, those who claim to have lived through them swear that they are true--We can only report the facts as we hear them--whether they are fact or fiction is for you, the reader, to decide!--

(ALL NAMES AND PLACES HAVE BEEN CHANGED)

Produced by
SIMON & KIRBY

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MATTHEW CRANE IS NOTHING BUT A GIBBERING WRECK TODAY--A WASTED, GROTESQUE CARICATURE OF MAN--INCURABLY, HOPELESSLY INSANE! EVEN AT THIS WRITING, HE IS A SHOCKING AND UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT... BECAUSE IF ANY MAN EVER REPRESENTED BRAINS, MONEY AND POWER IT HAD BEEN MATTHEW CRANE! AND ONLY HE WOULD HAVE SOUGHT WHAT IS FORBIDDEN TO ALL LIVING MEN! **THIS IS THE STORY OF WHAT HE DARED TO DO - AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!**

I'M AFRAID YOUR PARTNER HAS LITTLE TIME LEFT, MR. CRANE! IT'S BEEN A LOSING FIGHT FROM THE FIRST... I'M SORRY!

SORRY? FOR WHAT?



GEORGE BERGER WAS PROFOUNDLY SHOCKED! FOR NEVER IN HIS FIFTEEN YEARS AS MATTHEW CRANE'S SECRETARY HAD HIS EMPLOYER UTTERED SO CALLOUS A STATEMENT... HE VENTURED A WORD OF CAUTION!

HE SEEMS TO BE STIRRING, MISTER CRANE! HE MIGHT HEAR YOU!

I PAY YOU TO DO A **JOB**, NOT GIVE ME **ADVICE**, BERGER! NOW--

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!



IN THAT FRIGHTFUL MOMENT BEFORE HE DIED, JOSHUA BENTON'S SUNKEN EYES SUDDENLY OPENED WIDE--FASTENING ON SOMETHING THEY COULD NOT SEE-- SOMETHING THAT BROUGHT A CROAK OF TERROR FROM HIS ASHEN LIPS! JOSHUA BENTON WAS AFRAID--AND SO TERRIBLE WAS THAT FEAR THAT IT STRUCK AT THOSE ABOUT HIM! -- ESPECIALLY MATTHEW CRANE!

NO-- NO--

JOSHUA-- JOSHUA-- WHAT IS IT?

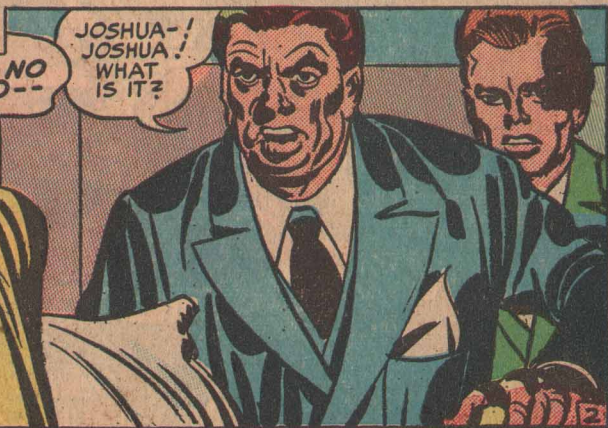


JOSHUA BENTON AND I HAVE BEEN BUSINESS PARTNERS FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS AND HAVE HATED EACH OTHER FOR TWENTY! **I DON'T BELIEVE IN FALSE SENTIMENTALITY!**



THE ROOM WAS SUDDENLY AS SILENT AS THE GRAVE... AND THEY STARED IN MORBID FASCINATION AT THE JERKY MOVEMENTS OF THE DYING MAN AS HE TRIED TO RISE! **JOSHUA BENTON WAS LIKE A WAXEN MARIONETTE SUPPORTED BY A LAST, THIN STRING WHICH THEY KNEW WAS GOING TO SNAP AT ANY SECOND!**

JOSHUA-- CAN YOU HEAR ME-- IT'S ME, MATTHEW--





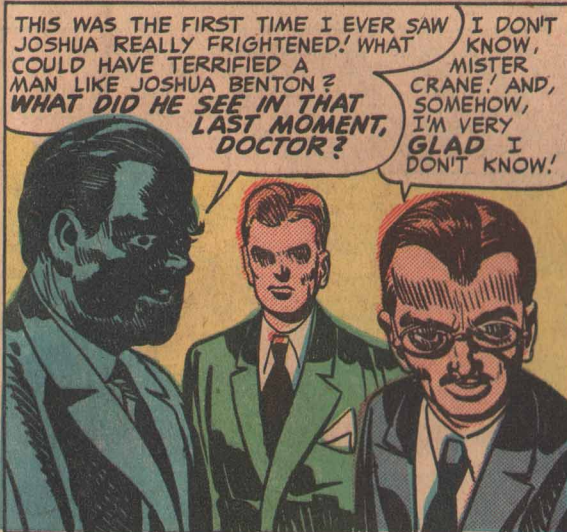
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WHAT IS IT, MAN? WHAT DO YOU SEE? TELL ME, JOSHUA! TELL ME!



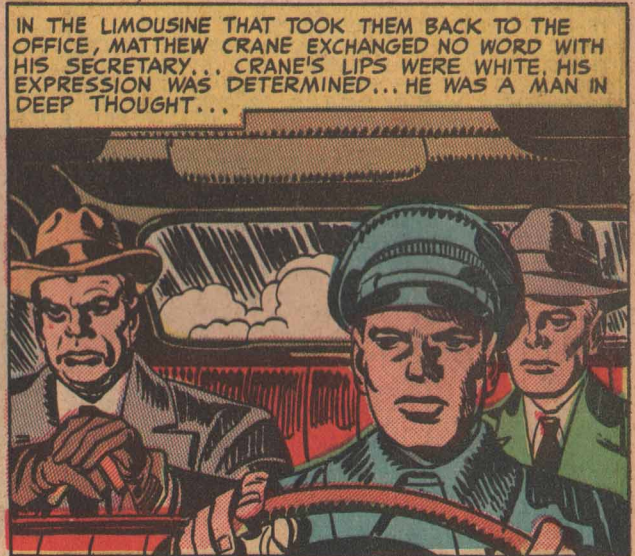
MISTER BENTON... IS DEAD!

HE-HE WAS TERRIFIED! JOSHUA BENTON WAS A HARD COLD MAN! I'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO SHOW FEAR OF ANY KIND!



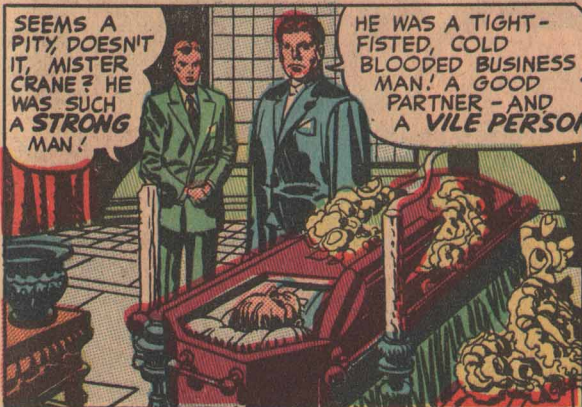
THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW JOSHUA REALLY FRIGHTENED. WHAT COULD HAVE TERRIFIED A MAN LIKE JOSHUA BENTON? WHAT DID HE SEE IN THAT LAST MOMENT, DOCTOR?

I DON'T KNOW, MISTER CRANE! AND, SOMEHOW, I'M VERY GLAD I DON'T KNOW!



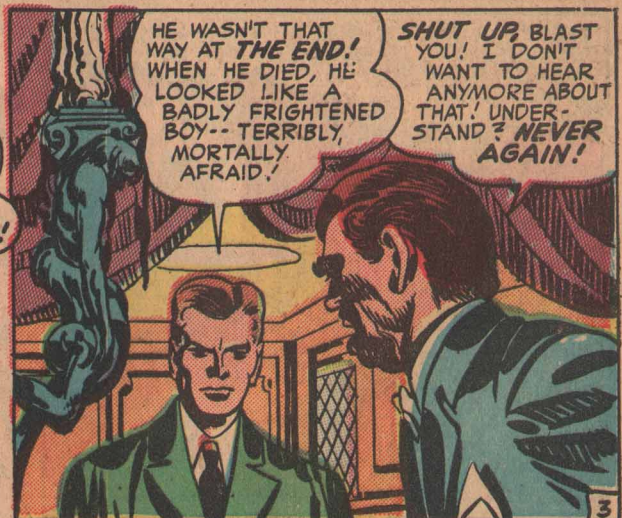
IN THE LIMOUSINE THAT TOOK THEM BACK TO THE OFFICE, MATTHEW CRANE EXCHANGED NO WORD WITH HIS SECRETARY... CRANE'S LIPS WERE WHITE, HIS EXPRESSION WAS DETERMINED... HE WAS A MAN IN DEEP THOUGHT...

IT WOULD BE EASY TO SAY THAT MATTHEW CRANE HAD A CONSCIENCE. THAT WOULD EXPLAIN HIS BROODING... IT WOULD - UNLESS YOU KNOW CRANE LIKE HIS SECRETARY DID... CRANE WAS AN ABSOLUTE **HEARTLESS** MAN! AND, HE **PROVED** IT BEFORE JOSHUA BENTON'S FUNERAL!



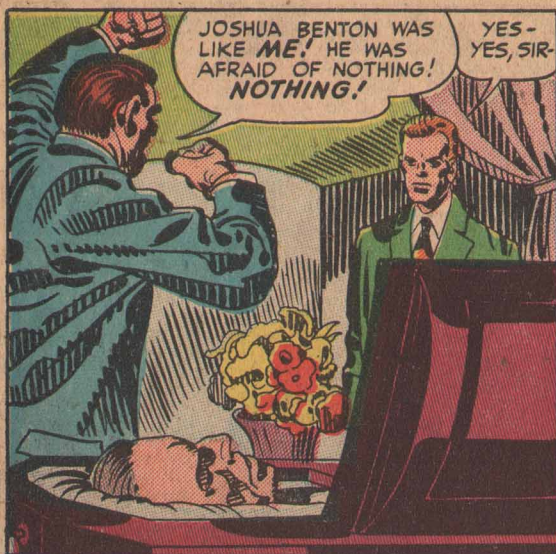
SEEMS A PITY, DOESN'T IT, MISTER CRANE? HE WAS SUCH A **STRONG** MAN!

HE WAS A TIGHT-FISTED, COLD BLOODED BUSINESS MAN! A GOOD PARTNER - AND A **VILE PERSON!**



HE WASN'T THAT WAY AT THE END! WHEN HE DIED, HE LOOKED LIKE A BADLY FRIGHTENED BOY-- TERRIBLY, MORTALLY AFRAID!

SHUT UP, BLAST YOU! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYMORE ABOUT THAT! UNDER-**STAND?** **NEVER AGAIN!**



JOSHUA BENTON WAS LIKE ME! HE WAS AFRAID OF NOTHING! NOTHING!

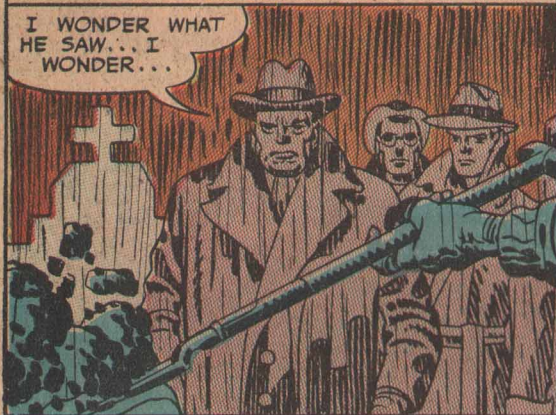
YES - YES, SIR -

SOMEHOW, IT SEEMED NATURAL THAT THE HEAVENS SHOULD ROAR ANGRILY AND TURN THE EARTH TO MUD DURING THE BURIAL... JOSHUA BENTON'S SOUL WAS OUTWARD BOUND AND THE DISCORDANT THUNDER ACCOMPANYING ITS FLIGHT, DID NOT LOOK LIKE A FAVORABLE CELESTIAL WELCOME...



IT WAS OVER! THE WET, SODDEN EARTH MADE A DEAD, HOLLOW SOUND AS IT STRUCK THE COFFIN! IT WAS OVER... BUT, EVEN AS THE SOUL-LESS CORPSE WAS COVERED BY THE CLAY TO WHICH IT WAS RETURNING, MATTHEW CRANE WAS HEARD TO WHISPER...

I WONDER WHAT HE SAW... I WONDER...



THERE WAS A GREAT DEAL TO BE DONE AFTER JOSHUA BENTON'S DEATH. CRANE COMPLETELY ABSORBED HIMSELF IN HIS WORK. IT WAS ALMOST AS IF HE SOUGHT TO ESCAPE OTHER THOUGHTS. BUT ONE DAY, AFTER THE HELP HAD GONE, MATTHEW CRANE SUMMONED HIS SECRETARY TO HIS OFFICE!

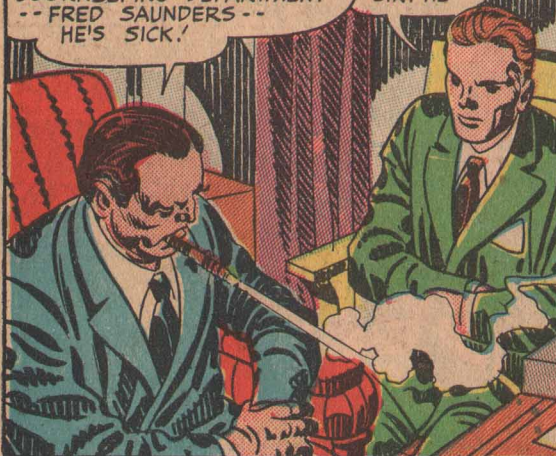
YOU RANG FOR ME, MISTER CRANE?

YES! YES! SIT DOWN, BERGER! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



THERE'S A MAN IN OUR BOOKKEEPING DEPARTMENT-- FRED SAUNDERS-- HE'S SICK!

WH- WHY, YES SIR. HE -



SAUNDERS HAS TUBERCULOSIS!

I KNOW, MISTER CRANE I-I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE DISCHARGED HIM... BUT SAUNDERS HAS A WIFE AND...



WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT FIRING HIM? SAUNDERS IS SICK! I WANT TO KNOW **HOW** SICK! SEE TO IT THAT HE VISITS MY DOCTOR! I'LL PAY THE BILL!

UH--YES! YES, OF COURSE, SIR! I'LL GET TO WORK ON IT RIGHT AWAY!



"WITH GOOD CARE," THE DOCTOR HAD SAID... WELL, THE NOW BENEVOLENT MATTHEW CRANE **COULD** SUPPLY THAT! GEORGE BERGER TOOK THE NEWS TO HIS EMPLOYER... AND RECEIVED ANOTHER JOLT!

SO SAUNDERS HAS MANY YEARS AHEAD OF HIM, EH? WELL, **FIRE** HIM!

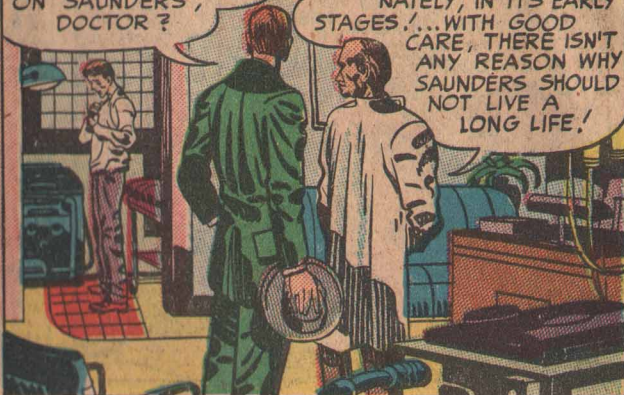
BUT, SEE HERE, MISTER CRANE-- I -



THE SECRETARY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT HE HAD HEARD! IN ALL HIS YEARS OF ASSOCIATION WITH HIS EMPLOYER, MATTHEW CRANE HADN'T **ONCE** BEEN KNOWN TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT A HUMAN BEING! EVIDENTLY HIS BEHAVIOR HAD BEEN AFFECTED BY JOSHUA BENTON'S DEATH!

WHAT'S THE VERDICT ON SAUNDERS, DOCTOR?

IT'S TUBERCULOSIS, ALL RIGHT! BUT FORTUNATELY, IN ITS EARLY STAGES!...WITH GOOD CARE, THERE ISN'T ANY REASON WHY SAUNDERS SHOULD NOT LIVE A LONG LIFE!



I SAID FIRE HIM! HAVING SAUNDERS AROUND THE OFFICE **DEPRESSES** ME! THAT'S ALL, BERGER!



AS THE DAYS WENT BY, MATTHEW CRANE BECAME HAGGARD AND PINCHED. HE WAS EASILY IRRITATED - INCREASINGLY ABUSIVE! GEORGE BERGER WONDERED WHAT THIS UNPREDICTABLE MAN WOULD DO NEXT... ONE AFTERNOON, HE FOUND OUT!

GET YOUR HAT AND COAT, BERGER! WE'RE MAKING A CALL!

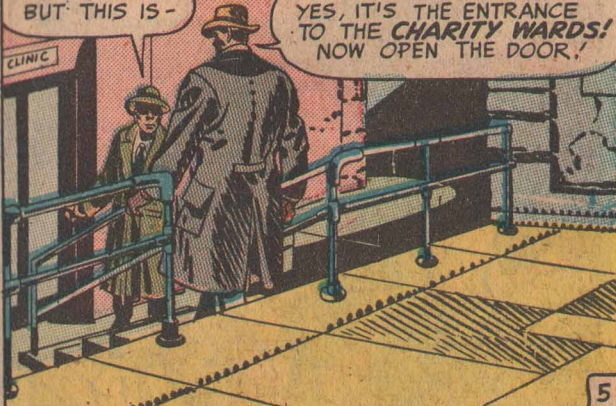
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, MISTER CRANE.



GEORGE BERGER WAS PUZZLED WHEN HIS BOSS' CAR PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL... HE WAS EVEN **MORE** BEFUZZLED WHEN MATTHEW CRANE IGNORED THE PLUSH LOBBY AND WENT TO THE REAR ENTRANCE!

BUT THIS IS -

YES, IT'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE **CHARITY** WARDS! NOW OPEN THE DOOR!



THE MYSTERY WAS DEEPENING! AFTER ENTERING THE CLINIC, THE BEWILDERED SECRETARY FOLLOWED MATTHEW CRANE TO THE OFFICE OF THE PHYSICIAN-IN-CHARGE!

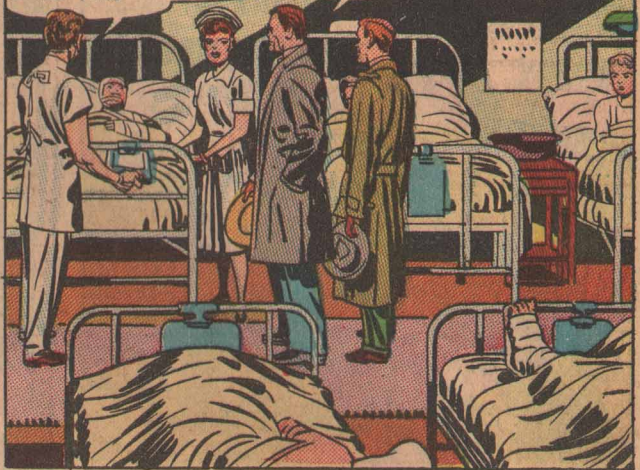
IT'S CERTAINLY A MOST UNUSUAL OFFER, MR. CRANE! STILL I DON'T SEE WHY WE SHOULDN'T ACCEPT IT! GOODNESS KNOWS, OUR PATIENTS HAVE LITTLE ENOUGH!

EXACTLY!



NOW, **HERE'S** A CASE WORTHY OF ATTENTION... THIS GIRL WILL REQUIRE AT LEAST SIX MONTHS CARE-AND -

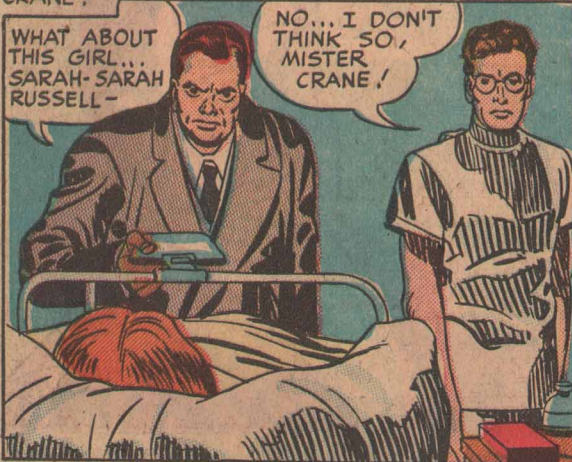
NO!



THEY PAUSED BEFORE A HALF DOZEN BEDS... AND EACH TIME MATTHEW CRANE SPOKE THAT ONE WORD! THE ONE BED THAT THE DOCTOR BY-PASSED WAS THE CASE WHICH INTERESTED CRANE!

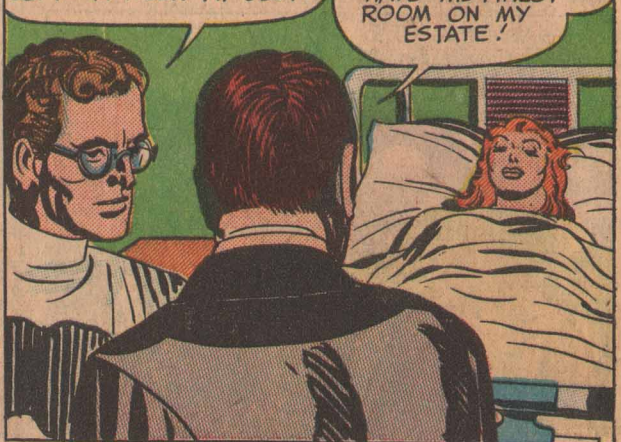
WHAT ABOUT THIS GIRL... SARAH-SARAH RUSSELL -

NO... I DON'T THINK SO, MISTER CRANE!



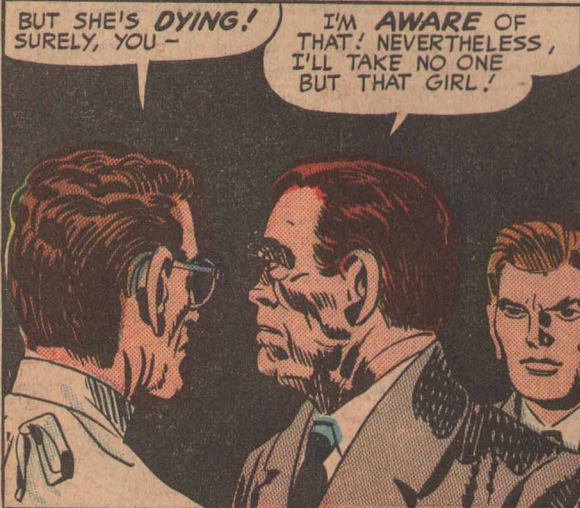
THE GIRL IS DYING, SIR... NOTHING CAN SAVE HER! SHE HAS A FEW DAYS LEFT--A WEEK AT BEST!

AA-HAH! I'LL TAKE THIS GIRL, DOCTOR! SHE SHALL HAVE THE FINEST ROOM ON MY ESTATE!



BUT SHE'S DYING! SURELY, YOU -

I'M AWARE OF THAT! NEVERTHELESS, I'LL TAKE NO ONE BUT THAT GIRL!

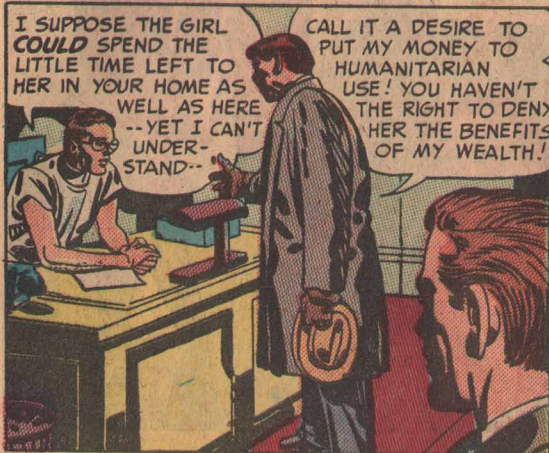


LISTEN TO ME, DOCTOR! ACCORDING TO THAT CHART, THE GIRL HAS NO KIN, NO MONEY-NOT EVEN A HOME! IT IS ONLY JUSTICE THAT SHE BE GIVEN EVERY COMFORT BEFORE SHE DIES!

YOU'RE INDEED A VERY GENEROUS MAN, MISTER CRANE!



MATTHEW CRANE HAD NEVER UTILIZED THE FULL FORCEFULNESS OF HIS DRIVING PERSONALITY AS HE DID THAT NIGHT! RETURNING WITH THE DOCTOR TO HIS OFFICE, THE INDUSTRIALIST CONTINUED TO HAMMER AND INSIST ON OBTAINING CUSTODY OF THE DYING GIRL!



I SUPPOSE THE GIRL **COULD** SPEND THE LITTLE TIME LEFT TO HER IN YOUR HOME AS WELL AS HERE --YET I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND--

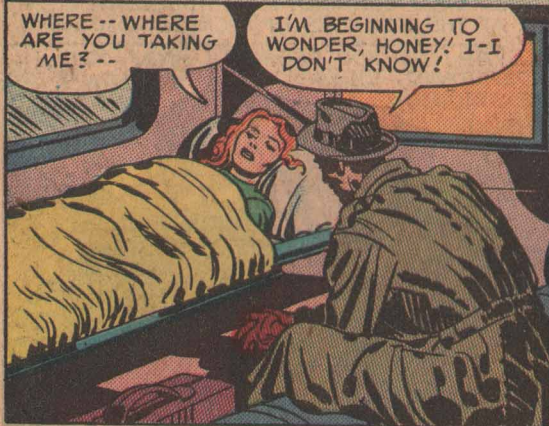
CALL IT A DESIRE TO PUT MY MONEY TO HUMANITARIAN USE! YOU HAVEN'T THE RIGHT TO DENY HER THE BENEFITS OF MY WEALTH!

PERHAPS NOT! VERY WELL, MISTER CRANE...I'LL CONSENT TO TRANSFER THE PATIENT TO YOUR CARE!

SPLENDID! SPLENDID! I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE! HOWEVER, MY SECRETARY WILL STAY TO MAKE THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS!



HOURS LATER, A SORELY DISTURBED GEORGE BERGER SAT OPPOSITE SARAH RUSSELL IN AN AMBULANCE WHICH TORE ACROSS THE CITY TO MATTHEW CRANE'S MANSION!



WHERE -- WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? --

I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER, HONEY! I-I DON'T KNOW!

THOSE WERE THE ONLY WORDS THE GIRL EVER SPOKE TO GEORGE BERGER! EVEN THE SLIGHT EFFORT COST HER DEARLY IN EBBING STRENGTH... WHEN SARAH HAD BEEN SAFELY TRANSFERRED TO A COMFORTABLE ROOM IN THE CRANE HOME, GEORGE BERGER, HIS JOB DONE, TURNED HASTILY TO LEAVE...



EVERYTHING TAKEN CARE OF, BERGER?

YES, SIR! WILL YOU BE COMING TO THE OFFICE?



THAT **DEPENDS**--ON HOW LONG THE GIRL LASTS! IN THE MEANTIME, I EXPECT YOU TO DROP IN EVERY DAY WITH A FULL REPORT ON THINGS AT THE OFFICE!

I-I'LL DO THAT, SIR! GOOD NIGHT!

FOR SOME UNWHOLESOME REASON, MATTHEW CRANE WAS KEEPING A CONSTANT DEATH WATCH OVER THE DYING GIRL! DURING ONE VISIT, GEORGE BERGER FOUND HIS EMPLOYER AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE GIRL-- AND FROM HIS THROAT CAME LOW RASPING WORDS!



SOON -- IT WILL COME SOON --

BY ALL THE LAWS OF MEDICINE, SARAH RUSSELL SHOULD HAVE DIED THAT FIRST WEEK... BUT SHE STILL LIVED... AND FOR EVERY MOMENT SHE STAYED ALIVE, MATTHEW CRANE SEEMED TO DIE A LITTLE!



WILL YOU SIGN THESE PAPERS NOW, SIR?

BLAST THE PAPERS!

HANG IT ALL! WHY WON'T SHE DIE, BERGER? WHY DOESN'T SHE DIE?

MISTER CRANE!



THE GIRL IS AN INGRATE, I TELL YOU! I'VE DONE MY PART! I'VE GIVEN HER A WEEK OF THE FINEST CARE! YOU'D THINK SHE'D HAVE THE DECENCY TO COOPERATE AND PASS ON! BUT NO! SHE CLINGS TO LIFE! **SHE'S STILL ALIVE! ALIVE!**

ICY TENTACLES OF HORROR BEGAN TO COIL ABOUT GEORGE BERGER'S SPINE, AS HIS BOSS' PLAN, LIKE SOME UGLY, MISSHAPEN MONSTROSITY, LEAPED INTO THE LIGHT! MATTHEW CRANE WAS RAVING NOW! HIS LITTLE, BLOODSHOT EYES WERE NARROWED WITH CUNNING, AND HIS MOUTH CURLED AT THE CORNERS IN A CRUEL, JAGGED SMILE!!

AH! SO YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND, EH? YOU'RE BRIGHT, BERGER! **BRIGHT!** WHAT DO YOU **THINK** OF MY PLAN, EH?

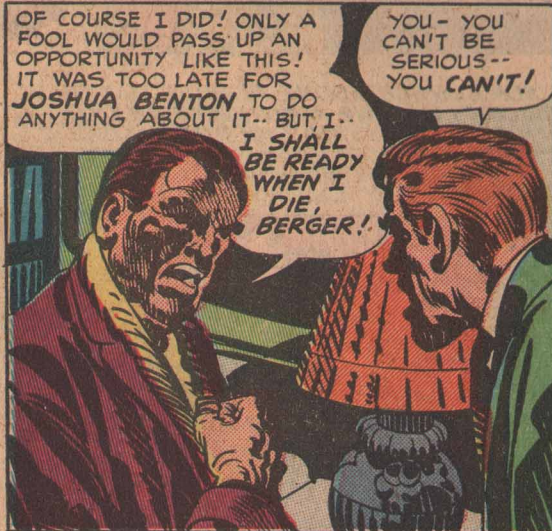
NO! YOU COULDN'T HAVE ARRANGED ALL THIS TO--



OF COURSE I DID! ONLY A FOOL WOULD PASS UP AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS! IT WAS TOO LATE FOR **JOSHUA BENTON** TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT-- BUT, I--

YOU-- YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS-- YOU **CAN'T!**

I SHALL BE READY WHEN I DIE, BERGER!



THE SOLUTION TO THE GREATEST MYSTERY IN THE UNIVERSE, RIGHT HERE-- UNDER MY OWN ROOF-- IN THAT GIRL'S EYES! I TELL YOU, BERGER, IF THERE IS A HEREAFTER, I'LL BE THE FIRST LIVING MAN TO SEE IT!

YOU'RE MAD! RAVING MAD!



MADNESS, YOU SAY? WHERE IS THE LINE BETWEEN MADNESS AND TRUTH? HOW MANY OF THE WONDERS SO COMMON TO US TODAY WERE THE RAVINGS OF MADMEN CENTURIES AGO!

I QUESTION YOUR MEANS OF FINDING THE TRUTH, SIR! I ASK YOU TO LEAVE THAT GIRL IN PEACE!

YOU'RE A SQUEAMISH, CHICKEN-HEARTED FOOL, BERGER! A MAN WITH LIMITS! THAT'S WHY YOU'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING MORE IN YOUR LIFE THAN SAY YES SIR AND NO SIR TO MEN LIKE ME! MEN WHO LET NOTHING STAND IN THEIR WAY! NOTHING!

IS THERE SOMETHING OUT THERE? SOMETHING BEYOND LIFE? SOMETHING BEYOND DEATH? IF THERE IS, I'M GOING TO SEE IT! KNOW IT! OUTSMART IT! AND WHEN IT'S MY TIME TO GO, I'LL NEVER BE SNATCHED SCREAMING LIKE JOSHUA BENTON! NOT ME! NOT MATTHEW CRANE!

THE DOOR TO MATTHEW CRANE'S STUDY WAS SUDDENLY FLUNG OPEN. AND THE PRIVATE NURSE, ACTING ON CRANE'S INSTRUCTIONS, BROUGHT THE NEWS HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR...

MISTER CRANE, IT'S MISS RUSSELL!- I'M AFRAID SHE'S-

HEAR THAT, BERGER? NOW I SHALL KNOW! I SHALL KNOW!

DON'T SIR! DON'T TAMPER WITH THE FORBIDDEN!

KEEP YOUR PLACE, YOU FRIGHTENED MOUSE!

CRANE RUSHED FROM THE ROOM AND UP THE STAIRS LEADING TO SARAH RUSSELL'S ROOM! THE PRESENCE OF DEATH WAS ALREADY DEEPENING THE SOMBER SHADOWS IN THE GREAT HOUSE... THE DOORS OF THE UNKNOWN WERE ABOUT TO OPEN...TO RECEIVE A SOUL!

SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS! THERE'S BARELY ANY PULSE!

WE'VE GOT TO WAKE HER! I WON'T BE CHEATED!

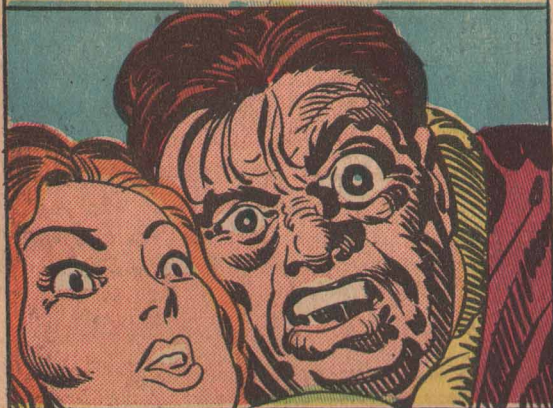


THE SCENE WAS ONE OF COMPLETE HORROR! CRANE SHOOK THE DYING GIRL LIKE A MADDENED BEAST-- HIS RASPING VOICE THICK WITH ANGER, DESPERATION! **DEATH** WAS TAKING SARAH RUSSELL... HER BREATHING CAME WITH GREAT EFFORT! MATTHEW CRANE FELT THE GIRL GROW TAUT IN HIS ARMS... **AND IN THAT LAST MOMENT HER EYES SUDDENLY OPENED WIDE!**

QUICK, SARAH! YOU SEE SOMETHING, DON'T YOU? TELL ME WHAT IT IS! NOW! TELL ME NOW!



MATTHEW CRANE EAGERLY LOWERED HIS FACE TO THE GIRL'S... STRAINING TO HEAR THE FAINT, ALMOST INAUDIBLE WORDS HER LIPS BEGAN TO FORM... **AND MATTHEW CRANE HEARD EVERY WORD SHE SAID!**



GEORGE BERGER WAS TOO LATE WHEN HE BURST INTO THAT ROOM! HE FOUND THE NURSE IN A FAINT... AND MATTHEW CRANE SCREAMING INCOHERENTLY AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS... STILL CLUTCHING THE LIMP, DEAD BODY OF SARAH RUSSELL!

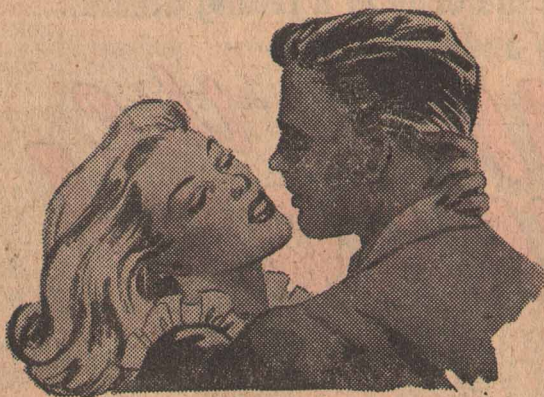


THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE DONE FOR MATTHEW CRANE! HIS BRAIN SEEMED TO HAVE SNAPPED BY THE SHOCK OF KNOWLEDGE IT WAS NOT EQUIPPED TO BEAR! THE POWERFUL, UN-SCRUPULOUS INDUSTRIALIST HAD CEASED TO BE! IN HIS PLACE WAS A BABBLING SCREAMING MINDLESS SHELL OF A HUMAN BEING..



DID SARAH RUSSELL, IN HER LAST, DYING WORDS, REVEAL WHAT LIES BEYOND DEATH? ONLY ONE LIVING MAN HEARD HER SPEAK... ONLY **HE** CAN TELL US... IF HE COULD STOP HIS SCREAMING! **THAT TERRIBLE NEVER ENDING SCREAMING!**





It's **EASY**
to
Win Him!

... when You Know How!

READ for YOURSELF!

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| How To Get Him To Date You | How To Improve Your Conversation |
| How To Make Him Enjoy Your Company | How To Keep Him Guessing |
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| How To Have Personality | How To "Make Up" With Him |
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Don't listen to the voice that calls in the night! It is not the sighing of the wind in the trees...or the echo of a fading dream... it may be something more terrifying and evil...like---

The WOMAN in the MIRROR!



SALLY--COME TO ME, SALLY-- YOU MUST RISE AND COME TO THE MIRROR--

THE VOICE AGAIN! I'M SURE I HEARD IT THIS TIME--IT'S SO CLEAR--AND COMMANDING--

LIKE MANY, MANY MARRIED WOMEN, SALLY KENDRICK SPENT HER LEISURE AFTERNOON HOURS TOURING THE STORES IN SEARCH OF THAT EVER BECKONING BARGAIN! SALLY FOUND IT! AND THE HEDGING OF THE ANTIQUE DEALER ONLY SHARPENED SALLY'S DESIRE TO OWN IT! FOR THE MONEY SHE PAID, THE MIRROR WAS A DEFINITE BARGAIN!

PLEASE HAVE THE MIRROR DELIVERED TO MY ADDRESS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. I'M GOING TO HAVE IT REFINISHED AND MOUNTED OVER MY VANITY TABLE!

I STILL FEEL YOU SHOULD KNOW MORE ABOUT THE MIRROR. IT HAS A UNIQUE HISTORY...IF YOU CAN SPARE A LITTLE TIME TO HEAR ITS STORY, I'D BE...

SALLY, OF COURSE WAS IN A HURRY. SHE HAD NO TIME TO WASTE ON LISTENING TO SILLY OLD LEGENDS -- NOT WHILE THERE WAS DINNER TO PREPARE! LATER THAT WEEK, THE MIRROR WAS MOUNTED IN SALLY'S ROOM-- A TRIBUTE TO HER TRADER'S INSTINCT!

THAT MIRROR WAS A WONDERFUL BUY! CLEAR, GLISTENING CRYSTAL! IT'S ALMOST LIKE LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW-INTO ANOTHER ROOM--





"OF COURSE! IT WAS PROBABLY THE LIGHTING IN THE ROOM! THAT WAS IT! THE **LIGHTING!** LIGHT OF OFTEN PLAYS TRICKS ON THE SENSES! IT WAS THE LOGICAL EXPLANATION! BUT SOMETHING INSIDE SALLY DIDN'T ACCEPT IT!



LET'S GET STARTED SALLY! YOU MAY BE THE GUEST OF HONOR, BUT IT'S STILL **IMPOLITE** TO KEEP THE OTHERS WAITING!

I...I'M READY!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE-**IMPOSSIBLE!**



"SALLY MAY AS WELL HAVE NOT ATTENDED THE PARTY FOR ALL THE ATTENTION SHE PAID TO THE FESTIVITIES...HER MIND WAS OCCUPIED WITH A PERSISTING THOUGHT...AN INCREDIBLE THOUGHT...



"SALLY WAS THE BUTT OF MORE THAN ONE GOOD-NATURED JIBE THAT EVENING.. SHE NEITHER HEARD NOR ANSWERED ANY OF IT! ONLY UPON HER RETURN HOME DID SALLY BECOME AWARE OF THINGS! ESPECIALLY THE MIRROR...AND THE **INTENSE, HYPNOTIC STARE OF HER REFLECTION!**



"THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER MIRROR IMAGE WHICH DISTURBED SALLY! A SUBTLE, ELUSIVE IMPRESSION THAT THE IMAGE WAS A DISTINCT AND SEPARATE INDIVIDUAL... POSSESSING LIFE OF ITS OWN! SEATED AT HER VANITY BEFORE RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT, SALLY ONCE AGAIN STUDIED HER REFLECTION!



"AND ONCE AGAIN THE QUEER FEELING CAME UPON SALLY... THAT IT WAS NOT SHE WHO WAS OBSERVING HER IMAGE... THE REFLECTION WAS STUDYING SALLY!



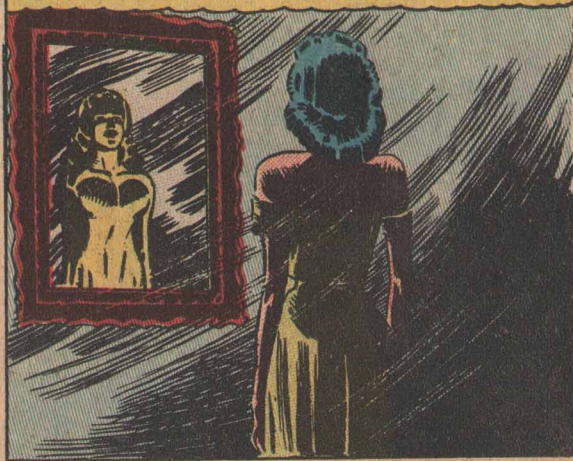
THERE! I'M CERTAIN I SAW IT THIS TIME! I DIDN'T CHANGE EXPRESSION... BUT THE IMAGE DID! NO IT CAN'T BE! IT JUST CAN'T!

"SALLY WAS TERRIBLY SHAKEN! WERE HER SENSES DECEIVING HER? WAS SHE GIVEN TO HALLUCINATIONS? FOR DAYS SHE AVOIDED THE MAGNETIC DRAW OF THE MIRROR! AFRAID OF WHAT SHE MIGHT SEE-- OF WHAT SHE MIGHT THINK! ONE NIGHT SALLY AROSE FROM HER SLEEP... IN THE DARKNESS OF HER ROOM-- A VOICE WAS CALLING HER NAME!



W-WHY... WHO IS IT? WHO IS IN THIS ROOM?

"THE VOICE CAME FROM SOMEWHERE ON SALLY'S RIGHT... WHERE THE MIRROR HUNG! FEARFULLY, SALLY ROSE FROM THE BED TO INVESTIGATE! THAT WAS A MISTAKE! BUT HOW WAS SALLY TO KNOW?



"IT WAS THE IMAGE... ANIMATE AND ALIVE! WITH TRIUMPH IN ITS VOICE AND UNHOLY POWER IN ITS GLOWING EYES! EYES WHICH HELD SALLY FAST... DRAWING HER CLOSER-- EVER CLOSER ...



"SALLY WAS LIKE A BIRD CAUGHT IN THE SPELL OF A COBRAS EYES! SHE FELT THE FULL IMPACT OF THE HORROR! BUT COULD NEITHER RUN NOR SCREAM! THE EYES GREW TO MONSTROUS SIZE! THERE WAS A SICKENING WRENCH! AND SALLY PLUNGED INTO DARK SPACE!



"SALLY SUDDENLY FELT HERSELF BEING VIGOROUSLY SHAKEN, AND SHE WOKE WITH A START! TOM STOOD FROWNING DOWN AT HER! BUT THE MIRROR! THAT DEVILISH REFLECTION! HAD IT ALL BEEN JUST A NIGHTMARE?"

SALLY! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

OH, TOM! I JUST HAD THE MOST PECULIAR DREAM... I...



IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE BEEN ACTING MIGHTY PECULIAR THIS PAST WEEK, SALLY! I'VE NEVER COMPLAINED, BUT THIS LAST SPENDING SPREE OF YOURS IS TOO MUCH! I CAN'T AFFORD THESE THINGS!

BUT TOM I HAVEN'T BOUGHT ANYTHING LATELY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



OH! YOU DON'T EH? WHAT DO YOU CALL THESE? SNAP OUT OF IT, SALLY! THIS BATCH OF BILLS DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS FUNNY!

BUT TOM! I NEVER BOUGHT THESE THINGS! I..I COULDN'T HAVE...

"TOM GAVE UP AND STAMPED OFF... LEAVING SALLY CONFUSED AND FRIGHTENED! A WEEK'S BILLS... WITH SALLY'S SIGNATURE UNMIS-TAKENLY SIGNED TO THEM! A WEEK HAD PASSED! WHERE HAD SHE BEEN? WHO HAD BOUGHT THOSE THINGS? SUDDENLY SALLY KNEW!

IT WAS YOU! YOU REALLY DREW ME INTO THAT DEVIL'S MIRROR... AND TOOK MY PLACE HERE! WELL! YOU'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN...



"THE MOCKING REFLECTION SEEMED TO GROW LARGE AND MENACING! ONCE AGAIN, SALLY LOOKED INTO THOSE EVIL, BURNING EYES... FELT THEM FASTEN ON HER BRAIN! TERROR REACHED OUT CAUGHT HER AS SHE RECOILED! SALLY VAINLY TRIED TO CRY OUT AGAINST WHAT SHE KNEW WAS HAPPENING!



"THE MIRROR HAD UNDREAMED OF DEPTHS! SALLY SENSED ITS VASTNESS WHEN SHE PASSED THROUGH!



"IT SEEMED LIKE SALLY WOULD DRIFT FOR ETERNITY IN THAT WORLD OF BLACK WRITHING SHADOWS! WHEN SHE CAME TO... IT WAS ONLY TO FIND HERSELF IMPRISONED IN THE MIRROR! LOOKING OUT INTO HER OWN ROOM... NOW OCCUPIED BY ANOTHER WOMAN... A WOMAN WHO COULD HAVE BEEN HER TWIN! **THE FIENDISH IMAGE!**"

SO YOU'RE AWAKE, ARE YOU SALLY? OR SHOULD I CALL YOU MY MIRROR IMAGE? **THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE NOW, YOU KNOW!** WE'VE CHANGED PLACES YOU AND I! THIS TIME FOR **GOOD!** I'VE WAITED CENTURIES FOR THIS CHANCE!



"SALLY WAS ALMOST CONSUMED BY THE UTTER HELPLESSNESS OF HER POSITION! BUT SHE COULD DO NOTHING! SHE WAS A PRISONER...AN ILLUSION! JUST THEN TOM ENTERED THE ROOM!"



READY, SALLY?

"DON'T TOUCH HER TOM! IT'S A HELLISH MONSTER YOU HOLD IN YOUR ARMS!" THEY WERE WORDS THAT SALLY TRIED BUT COULDN'T SPEAK! OVER TOM'S SHOULDER, THE EVIL IMPOSTOR SMILED HER MOCKING SMILE!



"A MOMENT LATER SALLY WATCHED THEM LEAVE ARM IN ARM! AND SHE WAS LEFT ALONE TO DESPAIR IN THE DARKNESS! THE PROSPECT OF SPENDING AN ETERNAL EXISTENCE AS A REFLECTION SENT SALLY'S WHIRLING THOUGHTS IN SEARCH OF A PLAN TO BREAK FREE! WHEN THE EVIL ONE RETURNED THAT NIGHT, SALLY MADE HER EFFORT!"

AREN'T YOU **AFRAID** TO GO TO SLEEP? KNOWING THAT I'M WAITING FOR YOU!

DON'T YOU **DARE** THREATEN ME!



I DREW YOU INTO THE MIRROR...AND BY ALL THE POWERS THAT HELPED ME DO IT... I'LL SEE THAT YOU **STAY** THERE!

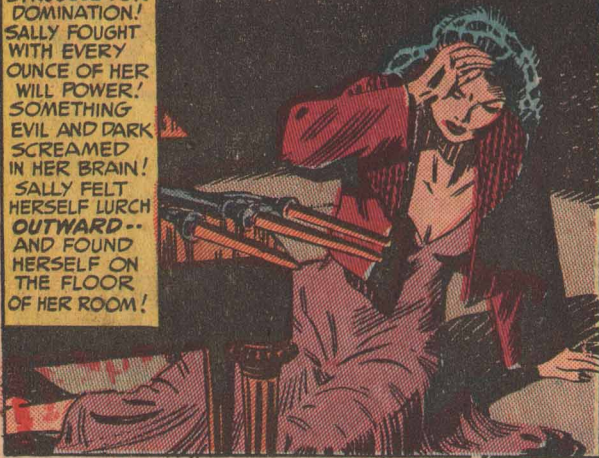


"THAT WAS WHAT SALLY WAS HOPING FOR! TO GET THE SHE-DEMON BEFORE THE MIRROR!! WHERE SALLY COULD HURL THE FULL CONCENTRATION OF HER WILL... THE VERY FORCE OF HER ENTIRE BEING... IN AN ATTEMPT TO **TRAP** THE WILL OF HER ADVERSARY!"

WHAT ARE YOU **DOING**? NO! NO! I WON'T LET YOU!



IT WAS A
SILENT—
TERRIBLE
STRUGGLE FOR
DOMINATION!
SALLY FOUGHT
WITH EVERY
OUNCE OF HER
WILL POWER!
SOMETHING
EVIL AND DARK
SCREAMED
IN HER BRAIN!
SALLY FELT
HERSELF LURCH
OUTWARD--
AND FOUND
HERSELF ON
THE FLOOR
OF HER ROOM!

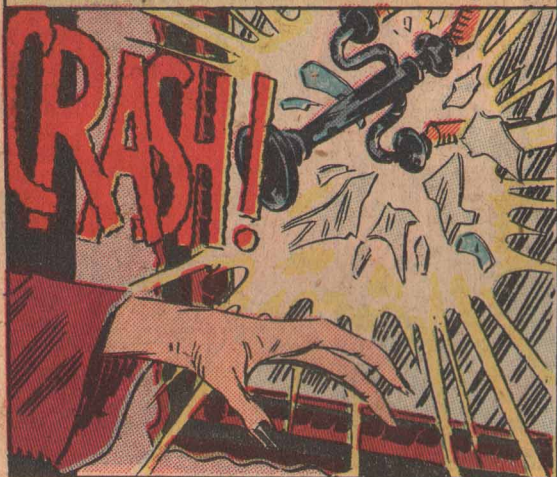


THE VOICE
OF HER
IMAGE STILL
CLAMORED
AND
SHOUTED
VILE OATHS
IN SALLY'S
MIND--
SALLY
MEANT TO
STILL IT
FOREVER!
HER
FINGERS
CURLED
ABOUT THE
HEAVY
CANDLE-
STICK ON
HER VANITY!

SCREAM, YOU DEVIL! SCREAM ALL
YOU WANT TO! BUT YOU'LL NEVER
IMPRISON ME AGAIN! NEVER! NEVER!



THE SCREAMS WERE SUDDENLY LOST IN THE LOUD
CRASH OF BREAKING GLASS! THE MIRROR AND
ITS EVIL OCCUPANT WERE NO MORE!



SALLY! WHAT HAPPENED?
I HEARD A SOUND
LIKE THE BREAKING
OF GLASS!

IT WAS MY
MIRROR! I
ACCIDENTALLY
SMASHED
IT!



BLAST THE MIRROR! AS LONG AS YOU'RE
NOT HURT, I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT IT!
YOU CAN ALWAYS BUY A
NEW ONE!

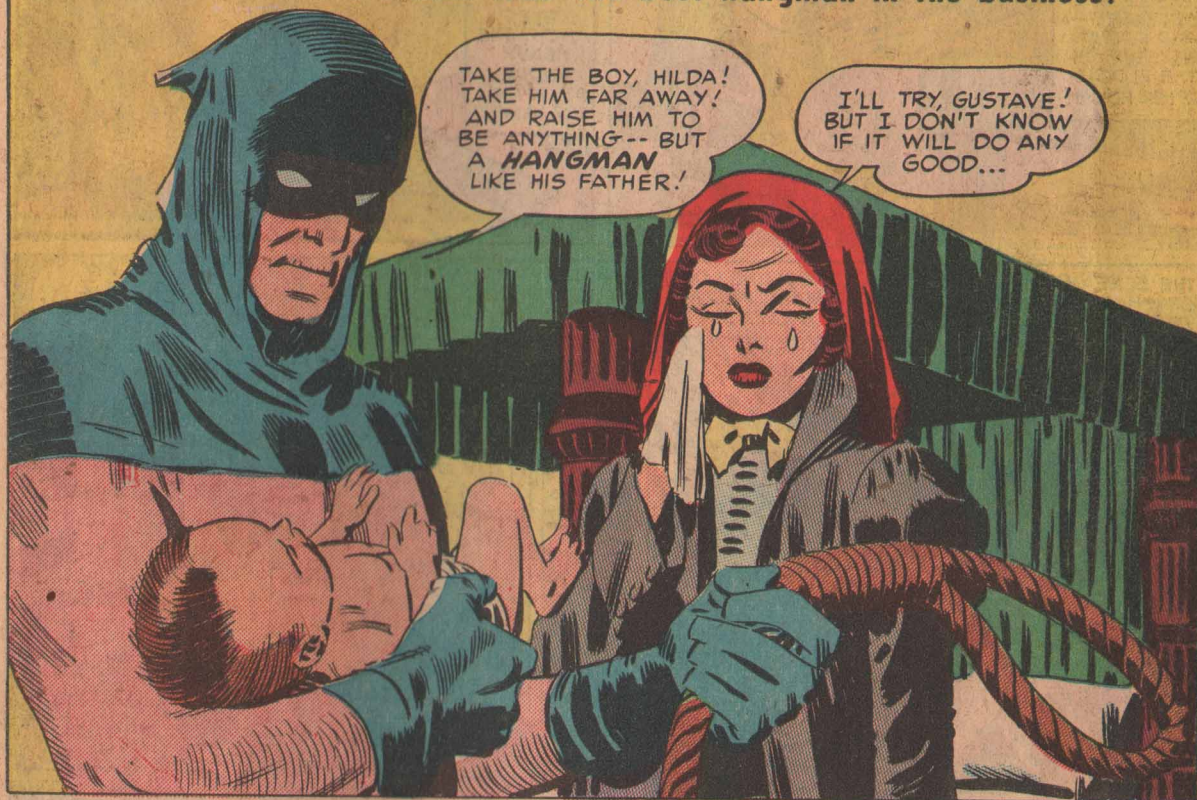


AND THAT'S
WHAT SALLY
DID. SHE
BOUGHT A
NEW MIRROR
OF STANDARD
MAKE—
MANUFACTURED
WITHOUT
BENEFIT OF
LEGEND OR
SPELL--AND
GUARANTEEING
A WELL-
BEHAVED
IMAGE
WHICH WAS
CONTENT
TO JUST
IMITATE
THE MOVE-
MENTS OF
ITS LIVING
MODEL!



HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS!

Even at a tender age anyone could see that Freddie was going to outdo his father—and his old man was the best hangman in the business!



MANY YEARS AGO, AN AUSTRIAN SCIENTIST EXPERIMENTING WITH GARDEN PEAS, DISCOVERED ONE OF THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF LIFE -- **HEREDITY!** HE LEARNED WHY CHILDREN ALWAYS BEAR A RESEMBLANCE TO THEIR PARENTS -- HE LEARNED THAT THIS RESEMBLANCE RUNS NOT ONLY FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION -- **BUT TO THE END OF TIME!**

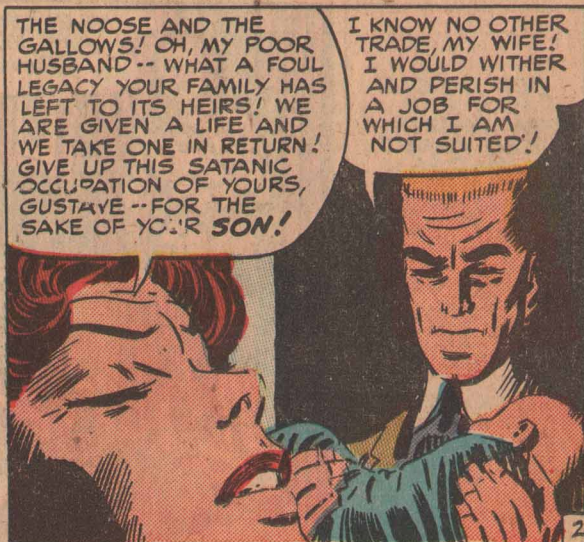
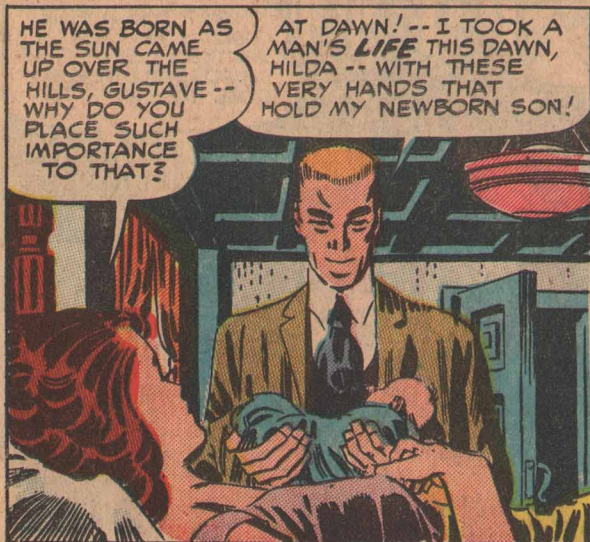
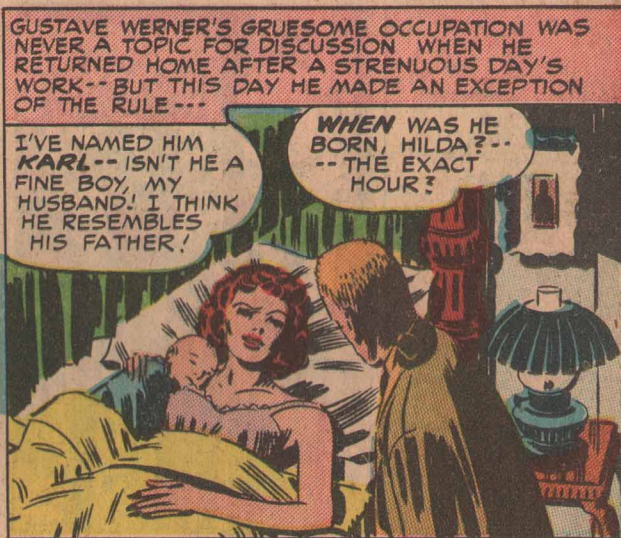
A FACT WHICH MAKES THIS TALE ALL THE MORE **HORRIFYING!**

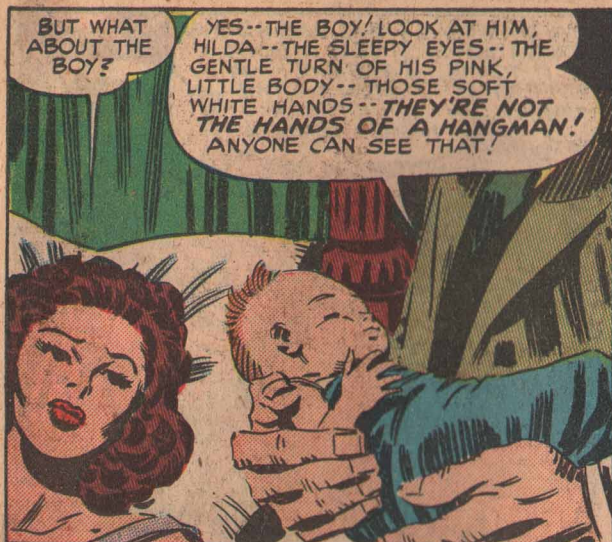
THE MEN IN THE WERNER FAMILY ALL FOLLOWED THE SAME TRADE--IT HAD BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON FOR GENERATIONS-- THEY HAD ALL BEEN SKILLFUL MEN, AND **GUSTAVE WERNER** WAS A MASTER AT HIS TRADE-- THERE WAS NO BETTER **HANGMAN** IN ALL EUROPE!

THE CONDEMNED MAN IS IMPORTANT IN POLITICAL CIRCLES-- THERE WILL BE A BIG AUDIENCE-- THE HANGING MUST BE **SWIFT AND SURE!**

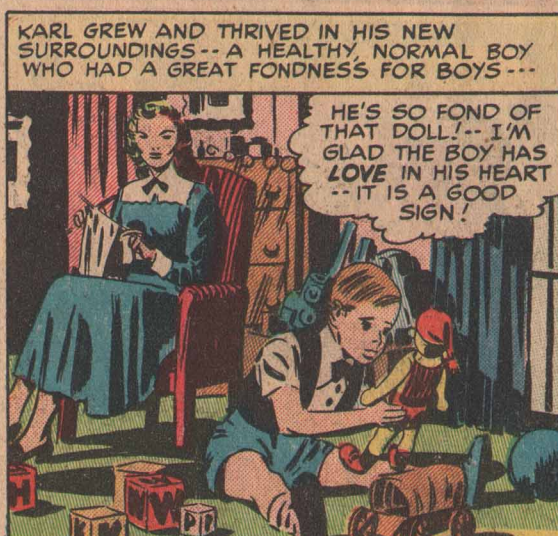
HAVE NO FEAR, EXCELLENCY-- WE SHALL HIRE **GUSTAVE WERNER**-- THERE WILL BE NO BUNGLING, I ASSURE YOU!







HILDA WERNER WAS A DETERMINED WOMAN--- THE BOY WAS LITTLE MORE THAN AN INFANT WHEN SHE BADE A TEARFUL GOOD-BYE TO HER HUSBAND AND SET OFF ON HER LONG JOURNEY! YOUNG KARL NEVER SAW HIS FATHER'S FACE AGAIN!



BUT THE OLD MAN HAD BEEN WRONG ABOUT KARL'S HANDS! THEY WERE GROWING STRONG AND FIRM --- AND ONE DAY HILDA WALKED INTO HIS ROOM AND SAW THAT THEY HAD BECOME SKILLFUL, TOO -- FOR A BOY OF FOUR!



AS KARL GREW OLDER HE BECAME MORE OF A PROBLEM TO HIS DISTRAUGHT MOTHER...

FRAU WERNER, YOU SHOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT **THAT BOY** OF YOURS-- JUST LOOK AT WHAT HE DID TO MY **CAT!**-- HE **KILLED** IT IN COLD BLOOD, MIND YOU-- LIKE A **CRIMINAL!**

--OR-- AN **EXECUTIONER!**



WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID, FRAU WERNER?

N-NOTHING, FRAU HOFF -- I'M DREADFULLY SORRY ABOUT YOUR CAT!



"FLESH OF MY FLESH-- BLOOD OF MY BLOOD--"

YES, THE BOY, KARL, WAS GROWING UP!-- AND MORE LIKE HIS **FATHER** EVERY DAY-- THE YEARS FLEW BY-- KARL GREW TALL-- CAPABLE! AND GUSTAVE WERNER'S HANDS FALTERED WITH ADVANCING OLD AGE!

YOU SENT FOR ME, GOVERNOR... AN IMPORTANT EXECUTION, I SUPPOSE?

NO, GUSTAVE -- YOU ARE NOT THE MAN YOU WERE TWENTY YEARS AGO-- YOUR HANDS HAVE LOST THEIR SKILL -- YOUR EYES, THEIR SHARPNESS! THE **IMPORTANT** ONES ARE NO LONGER FOR **YOU, GUSTAVE!**



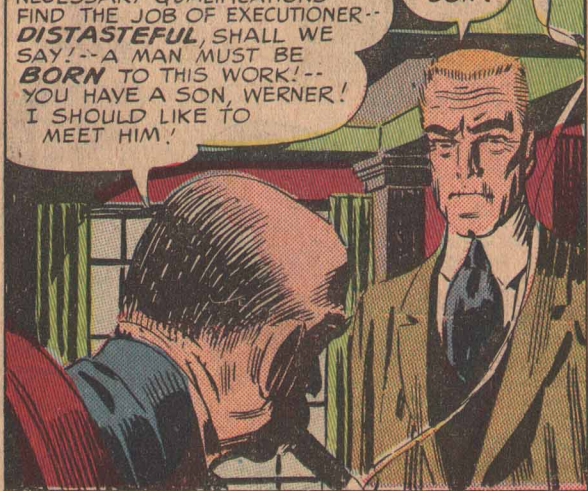
I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THIS, EXCELLENCY-- I SUPPOSE YOU WILL PUT A YOUNGER MAN IN MY STEAD--?

UNFORTUNATELY, MY FRIEND, SUCH MEN ARE **NOT** EASY TO FIND --



THOSE WHO HAVE THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS FIND THE JOB OF EXECUTIONER-- **DISTASTEFUL**, SHALL WE SAY!-- A MAN MUST BE **BORN** TO THIS WORK!-- YOU HAVE A SON, WERNER! I SHOULD LIKE TO MEET HIM!

MY -- SON?



WHY NOT?-- IT'S NO SECRET THAT ALL YOUR FOREBARS WERE ENGAGED IN THIS WORK... YOUR SON WILL LEARN **SWIFTLY** --

NO -- **NO!** I WON'T HEAR OF IT! ALL THESE YEARS I'VE CUT MYSELF OFF FROM MY FAMILY-- LEST MY SON'S SENSES BE STIMULATED BY THE SMELL OF BLOOD -- THE STENCH OF DEATH--AS MINE HAVE BEEN!



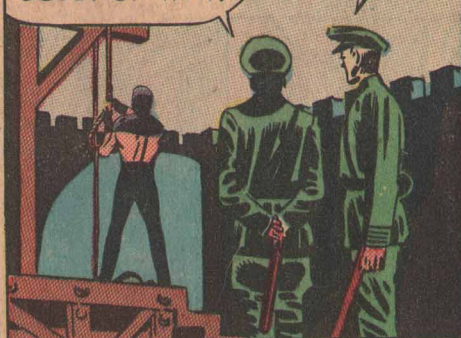
IF YOU SEEK HIM OUT, I'LL KILL YOU! REMEMBER, EXCELLENCY-- I'M NOT A STRANGER TO KILLING!.. IN FACT, I'M QUITE AN EXPERT AT IT!



THE GOVERNOR SHRUGGED OFF THE THREATS OF GUSTAVE AS THE RAVINGS OF AN OLD MAN... HIS POLICE HAD LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN TRACING DOWN KARL... THE YOUNG MAN LEARNED EASILY!-- HE SOON FOUND THE JOB OF HANGMAN A NATURAL OUTLET FOR HIS "TALENTS!"

LOOK AT THE BOY--HE'S NEVER BEEN A SUCCESS AT **ANYTHING**-- YET HE TAKES TO THE HANGMAN'S KNOT AS THOUGH HE WERE BORN TO IT!-- KARL IS HIS FATHER'S SON, THERE'S NO DOUBT OF THAT!

SILENCE! WE HAVE OUR ORDERS-- HE'S **NOT** TO KNOW WHO HIS FATHER IS!



IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE GUSTAVE WERNER FOUND OUT ABOUT HIS SON'S NEW OCCUPATION-- BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE, HE BROKE INTO THE GOVERNOR'S HOME-- HE WOULD NOT BE DENIED HIS REVENGE!

WH-- WHO IS IT?!-- **GUSTAVE!!** GUSTAVE, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME!--

IT IS TOO LATE FOR THAT, EXCELLENCY-- YOU HAVE COMMITTED A CRIME--AGAINST ME! I HAVE COME TO SEEK PAYMENT!



THE OLD MAN WAS COOL, EFFICIENT AND **MERCILESS**-- IT WAS HIS FINAL EXECUTION--AND HE MADE SURE IT WAS HIS **BEST!**



IT'S THE HANGMAN! HE'S GONE MAD!

ARREST HIM!



GUSTAVE WERNER WAS SENTENCED TO THE GALLOWS!---ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 17, 1903, HE WAS LED INTO THE COURTYARD... HE WALKED ERECT AND WITH A FIRM STEP AS THE YOUNG HANGMAN CAME OUT TO MEET HIM...



YOUNG KARL HAD LEARNED HIS JOB WELL-- HE WORKED WITH THE PROFESSIONAL AIR OF A CRAFTSMAN ALREADY HARDENED TO THE TASK-- AND EVEN AS THE NOOSE WAS BEING TIGHTENED ABOUT GUSTAVE WERNER'S NECK, THE OLD MAN COULD NOT HELP THINKING, "THESE ARE GOOD, STRONG SKILLFUL HANDS!"



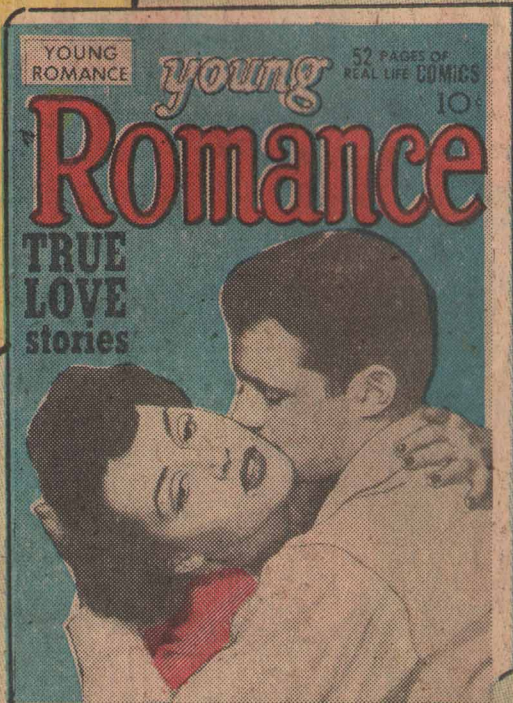
There was a terrible collision of personalities, the day I barged into Paul Egan's life. It was a battle for domination from the start.

Paul was the type of man I would never yield to.
And that was a pity. Because he was

The **ONLY MAN
WHO COULD
THRILL ME!**

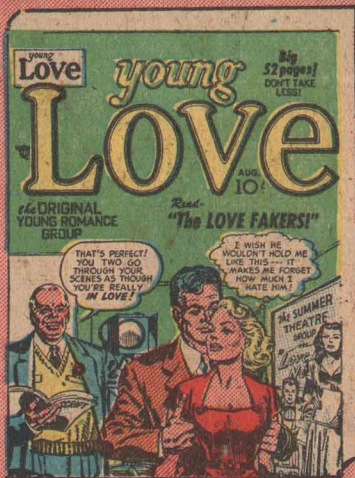


Don't miss-
**THIS
SHOCKING
CONFESSION
IN THE
SEPTEMBER
ISSUE OF --**



young **Romance**

**RESERVE
YOUR
COPY
NOW!**



**the ORIGINAL!
the BIGGEST!
the BEST!!**

**in the Love-and-
Romance comic
field!**

**YOUNG ROMANCE
and YOUNG LOVE**

**Big 52 pages!
DON'T TAKE LESS!**

DON'T LOOK NOW!

We know it's there! Right behind us! At one time or another we've all sensed its presence! But when we turn around it's gone! Sidney Fox was the only man who ever saw it! And he will never sleep again!



THE FOLLOWING STORY WAS PIECED TOGETHER FROM FRAGMENTARY REPORTS WHICH REACHED THE EDITOR'S DESK FROM TIME TO TIME...ITS THEME SEEMED SO FANTASTIC THAT WE HESITATED TO PUBLISH IT... HOWEVER, AN OBSCURE NEWSPAPER CLIPPING CONVINCED US THAT THE STORY SHOULD BE PRESENTED FOR YOU, THE READER, TO JUDGE ITS CREDIBILITY...

"PERHAPS WHEN YOU HAVE READ THIS YOU WILL SAY ALL REASON HAS DEPARTED FROM MY MIND ... CERTAINLY I THOUGHT SIDNEY FOX WAS MAD! YET I AM BEHAVING EXACTLY AS HE DID! I CAN'T EXPLAIN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BUT I MUST TELL SOMEONE ABOUT IT! BUT THAT WAS WHAT **SIDNEY** ONCE SAID, MAY HIS POOR TORTURED SOUL REST EASIER!"

SIDNEY!
WHAT ON
EARTH...

FRANK... FRANK CONROY!
I KNEW YOU'D COME!
YOU WON'T LET ME
DOWN!



"SIDNEY AND I HAD BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS, NOT THAT WE HAD MUCH IN COMMON. I WAS A WRITER... AND, **SID**... WELL, SID WASN'T MUCH OF ANYTHING... HE WAS DULL AND UNEMOTIONAL, **ORDINARILY**... THAT WAS WHY HIS APPEARANCE **NOW** SHOCKED ME SO!"

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE
BEEN THROUGH A **WRINGER**!
COME ON, SIT DOWN!



NOW, WHAT'S
THIS ALL ABOUT?
YOU CALLED ME
AND SAID YOU
WANTED TO
TALK TO
ME... HERE
I AM!

FRANK... I... I'M
SCARED,
YOU'RE A
WRITER...
YOU KNOW
ABOUT THINGS
LIKE THIS!
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME, FRANK,
BEFORE I LOSE
MY MIND!



SURE, SID, SURE,
BUT I CAN'T
HELP YOU
UNLESS I
KNOW WHAT
IT'S ALL
ABOUT! NOW
SUPPOSE
YOU CALM
DOWN AND...

FRANK,
HAVE YOU
EVER HAD
THE FEELING
THAT
SOMEONE...
SOMETHING
WAS **BEHIND**
YOU... **STARING**
AT YOU... AND
YOU WERE
AFRAID TO
LOOK OVER
YOUR SHOULDER?
AFRAID OF
WHAT YOU
MIGHT **SEE**?



SURE! I'VE
OFTEN HAD
THAT SENSATION
WHEN I WAS
A KID! ESPECIALLY
WHEN I
WAS ALONE,
OR IN THE
DARK!

WHEN YOU WERE
A KID! BUT
WHAT IF YOU
FELT THAT WAY
NOW? WHAT IF
YOU FELT THAT WAY
ALL THE TIME? ON
THE STREET, IN A
THEATRE, WHEN YOU
WERE DRIVING!
WHAT IF...



WHOA! TAKE IT
EASY, SID! WHAT
ARE YOU TRYING
TO TELL ME?

I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT
I'VE SEEN IT, FRANK, I
FELT THAT STRANGE, INVISIBLE
PRESENCE WATCHING ME,
HAUNTING ME FOR WEEKS!
...I LAUGHED IT OFF AT
FIRST... AND THEN...



...THEN THE FEELING **GREW** UPON ME
...IT BECAME A CHALLENGE WHICH I COULD
NOT FACE!



"I COULDN'T SLEEP... COULDN'T, EVEN THINK OF FOOD... I GREW WEAKER AND MORE HAGGARD AND ONE DAY I COLLAPSED IN UTTER EXHAUSTION..."



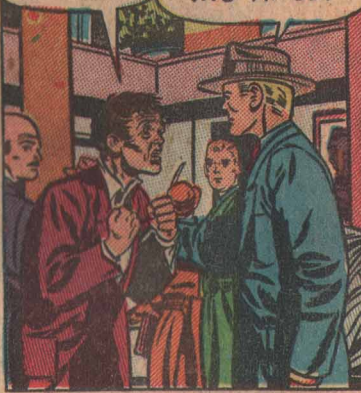
"I DOZED OFF INTO FITFUL, NIGHT-MARISH SLUMBER WHICH PRODUCED A DEVILISH IMAGE OF MYSELF JUST AS I HAD BEEN HOURS BEFORE... ONLY THIS TIME I HAD THE COURAGE TO TURN AROUND AND FACE THIS TORMENTING DEMON WHICH THREATENED MY SANITY..."

"COME OUT OF YOUR SHADOWS, WHATEVER YOU ARE! LET'S HAVE IT OUT HERE AND NOW!"



AND THEN I SAW IT, FRANK. MY SLEEP WAS AN ACTUALITY BUT THE THING WAS NOT A PART OF IT! THE THING WAS REAL, DO YOU HEAR? ...REAL!

YOU'RE A SICK MAN, SID... YOU'VE BEEN SUFFERING FROM HALLUCINATIONS! NOW LET ME TAKE YOU HOME... EVERYONE'S STARING AT US!



"I HUSTLED SID INTO A CAB, CURSING MYSELF FOR GETTING MIXED UP WITH THIS BABBLING IDIOT... BUT WHEN I LOOKED INTO HIS EYES, SHIFTING TERROR-STRICKEN IN HIS WOBBLING HEAD, A FEELING OF UNEASINESS SWEEPED OVER ME..."

YOU'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, SID... YOU'VE GOT TO!



"I HALF CARRIED HIM UP THE RICKETY FLIGHTS TO HIS SHABBILY FURNISHED ROOM... I COULD NOT STIFLE THE IMPULSE TO RUN... TO GET FAR AWAY FROM THIS WHOLE MORBID AFFAIR..."

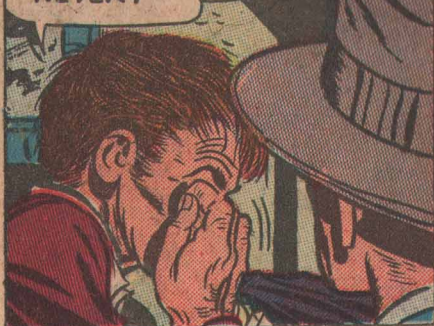
YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING, SID... WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

NO, FRANK... NO! I CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE!



THAT'S WHEN THE THING WILL COME BACK TO ME... IN A DREAM, FRANK... AND I KNOW I SHALL NEVER LIVE THROUGH IT NEXT TIME... I'LL NEVER SLEEP AGAIN, FRANK... NEVER!

POOR SID...



"I WENT DIRECTLY HOME, I WAS A WRITER AND THERE WAS A STORY IN SID! I WANTED TO GET IT DOWN ON PAPER WHILE IT WAS STILL FRESH IN MY MIND... I WORKED FOR HOURS... WHEN MY PHONE RANG, I GLANCED AT THE CLOCK, IT WAS JUST... MIDNIGHT."

FRANK, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OVER HERE! IT'S HERE! HERE IN THE ROOM! I FEEL IT!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, SID... IT'S MIDNIGHT... PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER... I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!





SID! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?
WHAT'S HAPPENED? SID!
SIDNEY!



"IT TOOK ME TWENTY MINUTES TO GET TO SID'S
BOARDING HOUSE. I TOOK THE STAIRS THREE
AT A TIME..."



"IT WAS THEN, I THINK THAT
I FIRST BEGAN TO BE AFRAID!
BUT I COULD STILL THINK
RATIONALLY... I FOUND THE
LANDLADY AND TOGETHER
WE RETURNED TO SID'S ROOM.

I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT! I DIDN'T
HEAR ANYTHING,
**NOT A
SOUND!**

WE'VE GOT
TO FIND SID!
HE'LL BE
ABLE TO
EXPLAIN!
HE MUST HAVE
GONE OUT!



HE DIDN'T
LEAVE! HE'D
HAVE HAD
TO PASS
MY DOOR
... AND MY
DOOR WAS
OPEN!

A MAN DOESN'T
WRECK HIS
ROOM AND...
AND DISAPPEAR
INTO THIN AIR!
HE **MUST**
HAVE GONE
OUT!



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE
... HE WOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO!

**ABLE?...
WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?**



I HEARD HIM MOVING
ABOUT AND I THOUGHT
HE COULDN'T SLEEP, SO
SO I BROUGHT HIM
SOME COFFEE... THE
POOR MAN WAS
NERVOUS AND UPSET
SO I... I PUT ONE
OF MY SLEEPING
TABLETS IN THE
COFFEE!



"**THAT'S WHEN IT WILL
COME FOR ME! WHEN
I SLEEP,**" HE HAD TOLD
ME! AFRAID? YES, I, TOO
KNEW FEAR, THEN, I RAN
FROM THAT ACCURSED
HOUSE AS FROM THE DEVIL!
**AND I DIDN'T DARE
TO LOOK OVER MY
SHOULDER!**



"LAUGH IF YOU WILL, BUT I TELL YOU,
**I KNEW THERE WAS SOME-
THING BEHIND ME! JUST AS
SID HAD KNOWN IT!**

"IT WAS THEN THAT I BEGAN TO WRITE THIS REPORT... TO RECORD MY STRANGE SENSATIONS BEFORE THEY DEVoured MY SANITY..."

I KNOW NOW WHAT FRANK WAS TRYING TO TELL ME! EVEN AS I SIT HERE I CAN FEEL IT AND TERROR IS BITING AT MY EVERY NERVE AND FIBRE! IT'S HERE... AND I MUST FACE IT — EVENTUALLY!



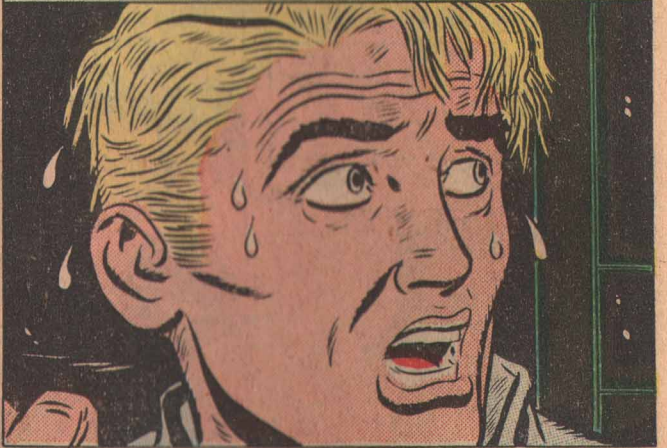
"THAT WOULD BE MY SALUTATION! TO FACE IT! I KNEW THAT, BUT... COULD I? COULD I FACE THIS HORROR AND NOT BECOME... WHAT SID HAD BECOME?"



"THERE WERE LONG SHADOWS IN THE ROOM. THEY REACHED FOR ME, CLUTCHING AS I **TURNED**... A LITTLE... ONLY A LITTLE..."



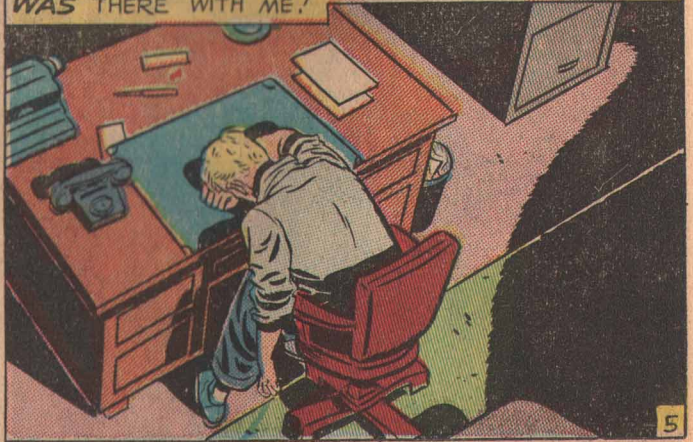
"HOW SHALL I DESCRIBE IT? MY MUSCLES STRAINED AGONIZINGLY TO OBEY ME! MY HANDS WERE ICE! A LITTLE MORE... JUST A LITTLE MORE..."



NOTHING!
NOTHING!
ONLY THE
SHADOWS!

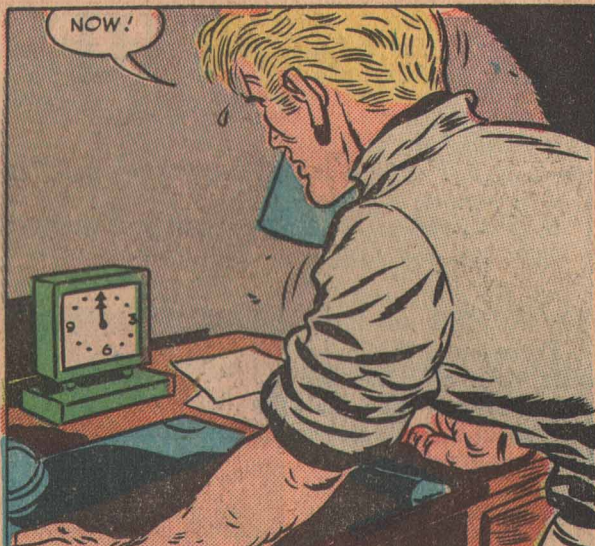


"MY BODY TREMBLED, WENT LIMP WITH RELIEF! FOR A MOMENT I LIVED AGAIN! I HAD BEATEN IT! BUT... HAD I? WASN'T THERE A... A REEKING FOULNESS IN THE AIR? A VILE THREAT IN THE ROOM? SOMETHING WAS THERE WITH ME!"

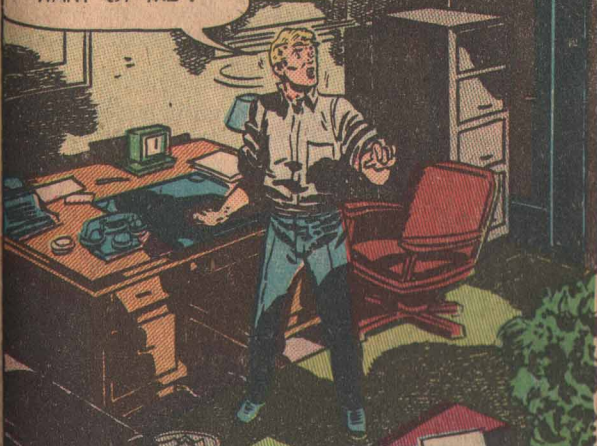


"THAT IS ALL THE STORY! ALL THAT I SHALL WRITE, EXCEPT... I AM GOING TO TRY AGAIN. I WAS TOO SLOW BEFORE. THIS TIME, I SHALL TAKE IT BY SURPRISE! TONIGHT... AT... AT MIDNIGHT!"

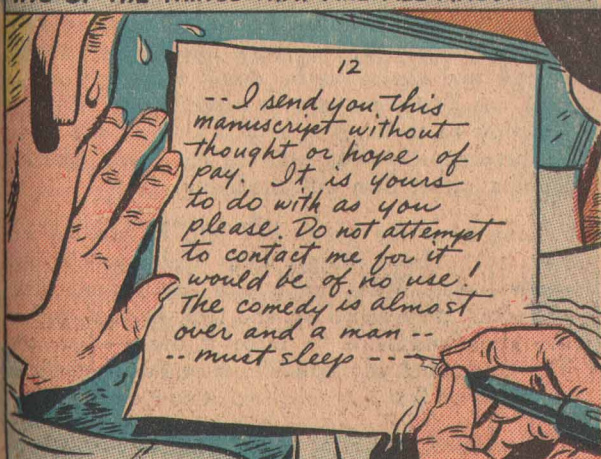
WHATEVER IT IS, I MUST SEE IT! IT DRAWS ME, CALLS TO ME, AND LOATHING IT, KNOWING IT MUST BE MY DOOM... I WILL FORCE IT TO A SHOWDOWN!



SAINT OR DEMON, FLESH OR FANTASY... WHAT IS IT YOU WANT OF ME?



"IT IS OVER! I HAVE SEEN IT! I KNOW NOW. BUT I SHALL NOT WRITE WHAT I SAW! BETTER THAT LIFE GO ON UNHEEDING AND UNKNOWN-ING OF THE THINGS THAT ARE ALL AROUND US!"



EDITORS' NOTE:

THE FOREGOING MANUSCRIPT WAS SUBMITTED BY FRANK CONROY, WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED MANY EXCELLENT STORIES TO OUR PUBLICATION.. DESPITE HIS WISHES, THE EDITORS DID ATTEMPT TO CONTACT MR. CONROY, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS. AS AN EXPLANATION, WE CAN ONLY OFFER THE ENCLOSED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING...

WRITER OF FANTASIES VANISHES!

Police today reported the mysterious disappearance of Frank Conroy, author. Mr. Conroy's apartment had been completely wrecked and his room gave every indication of a fierce struggle, yet other tenants in the building reported hearing no sounds. Mr. Conroy, himself has vanished. Police are making every effort to locate the writer and are confident that they will do so...

THE IDOL

The six-armed god had a history of death!
Only Henry Forrester learned its secret!

IT SEEMED to Henry Forrester in the immediate days after he had acquired the Indian buddha that the six-armed idol had a personality of its own. For long hours he would stand before it in his library and watch the cool features.

"You may look serene to one of your own faith," he often told the god, "but to me, there's little besides cruelty in that face of yours. Are you really as treacherous as they say? Have you really caused the death of five people?"

The legend of the buddha was well known to everyone in the art field. The last five owners had all died of strangulation as though those six fat arms could move—those thick fleshy fingers grasp and choke life from a man. When he had purchased the god, the legend had been revived. Even his old friend, the realistic Dr. Frederick Prichard had warned him.

"It's just got too much of a history to fool around with," he had said, laughingly. "Call me superstitious if you like, Henry—I just wouldn't care to own it."

Henry Forrester, however, was not a man to be influenced by gossip or foolish advice. He had coveted the idol since the first time he had seen it. Now it was his.

"Henry, I swear I'm getting jealous of that fat old man, six arms and all," the voice of Frances, his wife, broke his concentration. He turned around to face the pretty young woman who had entered the room.

"I'm sorry," he said, going over to where she stood and kissing her lightly. "You know how absorbed I get in a new toy."

"Well, this discarded toy is very hungry," she smiled at him and looking at her closely, he saw that the smile was a little forced.

Frances really was jealous of this buddha. He would have to pay more attention to her in the future.



There had been a time when Frances had been his favorite object of devotion—not so terribly long ago. His friends had told him he was a fool then, too—a man of his age falling in love with a young woman like her. They had told him that she would never marry him. But as usual they had been wrong. For Henry Forrester had wanted this young woman as intensely as he had recently wanted the idol, and the things he wanted he always got.

Frances took his arm and half led him out of the room.

"We do have guests tonight or have you forgotten?" she reminded him.

"I guess I did forget," he murmured apologetically, only half conscious of her words.



What had she called herself, a few minutes ago? A discarded plaything? If she only knew how right she was—how terribly tired and bored he was with her. A young wife was much more than he had bargained for—with her indeterminable energy and desire to be doing things. When a man was Forrester's age, he needed rest and peace and time to think. He was at a time of life when his preoccupation was with the non-living, like his buddha, rather than with the living.

Long after the guests had left, he studied his new toy. Those strong arms had moved—had crushed men. What mechanism had caused them to move? He reached up and took hold of one of the arms and tried to force it down—then up. The arm remained immobile. How then had those arms moved?

Fascinated, Forrester moved a table over to the big idol. He began exploring the giant body inch

by inch—fingering it closely. It was almost an hour before he found the minute button.

The arms moved slowly outward, grazing Forrester's face and almost knocking him off the table.

Spellbound, he watched the passage of those arms as they made a complete circle—inward now, until they were tight against the body itself. There, the arms rested. Forrester pushed the button once more and with the same deliberateness, the arms returned to their original position.

Forrester could not believe his discovery. He made the idol repeat the actions, once, twice, again and again.

Slowly he realized the significance of his discovery. He had found what only a handful of men before him had found. The key to the mystery of those five deaths. This had been no vengeance of a jealous god. This had been murder—man plotted—man executed. Superstition and ignorance had prevented thorough examination which might have told the police what he now knew.

He had the instrument of the perfect murder. It belonged to him alone now. He would share it with no one. Forrester stepped back and looked at his god with a new admiration.

In the days that followed his devotion to the buddha grew. Each morning he would shut himself in the library with the figure and spend most of the day there. The time he must spend elsewhere seemed almost wasted. Hour after hour he spent in contemplation, and gradually he began identifying himself with the figure, giving it his thoughts, his wishes and desires. And he strived to reach the hidden mind there—desiring to know the lust, the ambition that must have surrounded the men who possessed the god before him. Greed and desire had finally resulted in the owner's death.

Forrester spent so much time in the locked room that finally one day, his wife forced her way in. Looking at him, with her once lovely face contorted by jealousy, she had shrieked, "I'm surprised. I expected to find you burning incense to it." Only half listening to her, Forrester, looking at her now ugly face, realized for the first time how completely he despised her.

In the days that followed, he tried to forget her in the serene contemplation of his idol, but now another idea was plaguing him.

Here before him was the perfect instrument of death and he would never in this life be able to try it out—to be a part of that perfection.

But then (slower still) why should he be denied it? He hated Frances—he would be well rid of

her. Why couldn't he accomplish both purposes at the same time? Yes, it was possible. Entirely possible.

Now his time was devoted to his new scheme. He would make a present of the god to her, so that her death might be accredited to the ancient superstition. It had worked before. It would work again. American police were no brighter than any others.

He alone knew the secret of those other deaths—the secret would stay with him.

But first he must play his cards right. Frances must never be suspicious.

He approached her the next morning, noting her unhappy and weary face. How he hated her!

"Frances," he said soothingly. "I'm sorry for the way I've treated you. I've been very unkind."

Her face lighted up, grateful for the smallest attention. She had always been that way.

"I'm going to give you that silly statue," he continued. "It's yours. Do whatever you want with it. Get rid of it, if you like."

Her mouth uttered a protest. "Oh, Henry, you don't have to do that," she said stretching out her hand. He stroked the small white hand impatiently.

After that it was just a matter of waiting—waiting until all their friends had the opportunity to see how much he loved her—how completely devoted he was to her.

Finally the day when he need not wait any longer arrived. All that day, he spent in the library with the idol, avoiding his wife—afraid something in his manner might give him away. Just before he called her, he looked at the figure carefully. In the fast fading light it seemed to him, those immobile features were more vicious and cruel than ever.

"You know what you're about to do, don't you?" he said, and he moved closer still to study that imperturbable face.

There was nothing about the figure to give him warning as the massive arms closed about him.

His wife in another part of the apartment heard

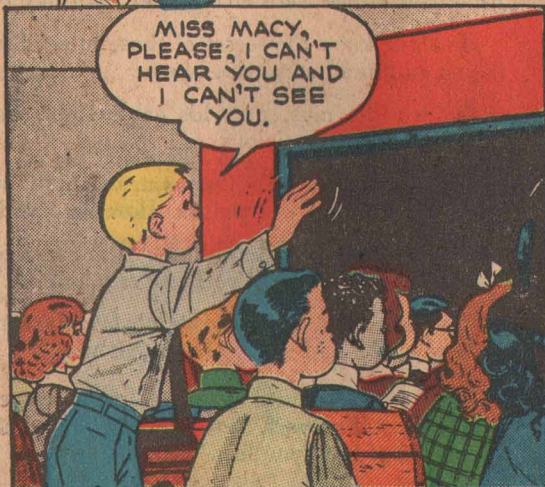


the screams, but they had stopped by the time she and the servant were able to break through the door.

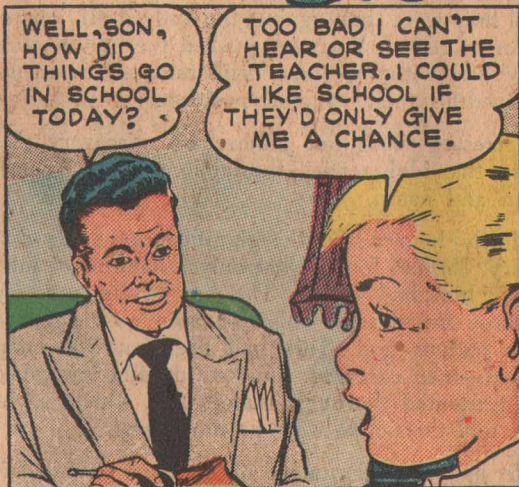
She stood unable to move at the sight of her husband forever stilled. And through the half darkness, it seemed to her that the idol cradled his broken body to its breast.



Better schools make better communities



MISS MACY,
PLEASE, I CAN'T
HEAR YOU AND
I CAN'T SEE
YOU.

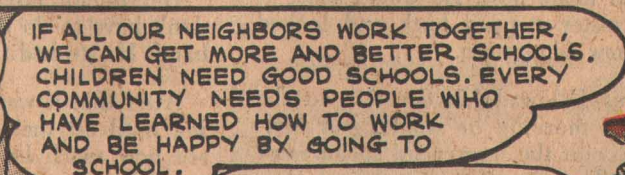


WELL, SON,
HOW DID
THINGS GO
IN SCHOOL
TODAY?

TOO BAD I CAN'T
HEAR OR SEE THE
TEACHER. I COULD
LIKE SCHOOL IF
THEY'D ONLY GIVE
ME A CHANCE.



WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO, DAD?
ALL THE CHILDREN
SAY THE SCHOOL
IS CROWDED. THEY
GO ONLY HALF
DAY.



IF ALL OUR NEIGHBORS WORK TOGETHER,
WE CAN GET MORE AND BETTER SCHOOLS.
CHILDREN NEED GOOD SCHOOLS. EVERY
COMMUNITY NEEDS PEOPLE WHO
HAVE LEARNED HOW TO WORK
AND BE HAPPY BY GOING TO
SCHOOL.

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR
CHILDREN GROW UP TO BE,
YOU NEED A GOOD
SCHOOL.



WHEN YOU GROW UP AND
VOTE, YOU WILL NEED
AN EDUCATION.



JERRY
TASNO-



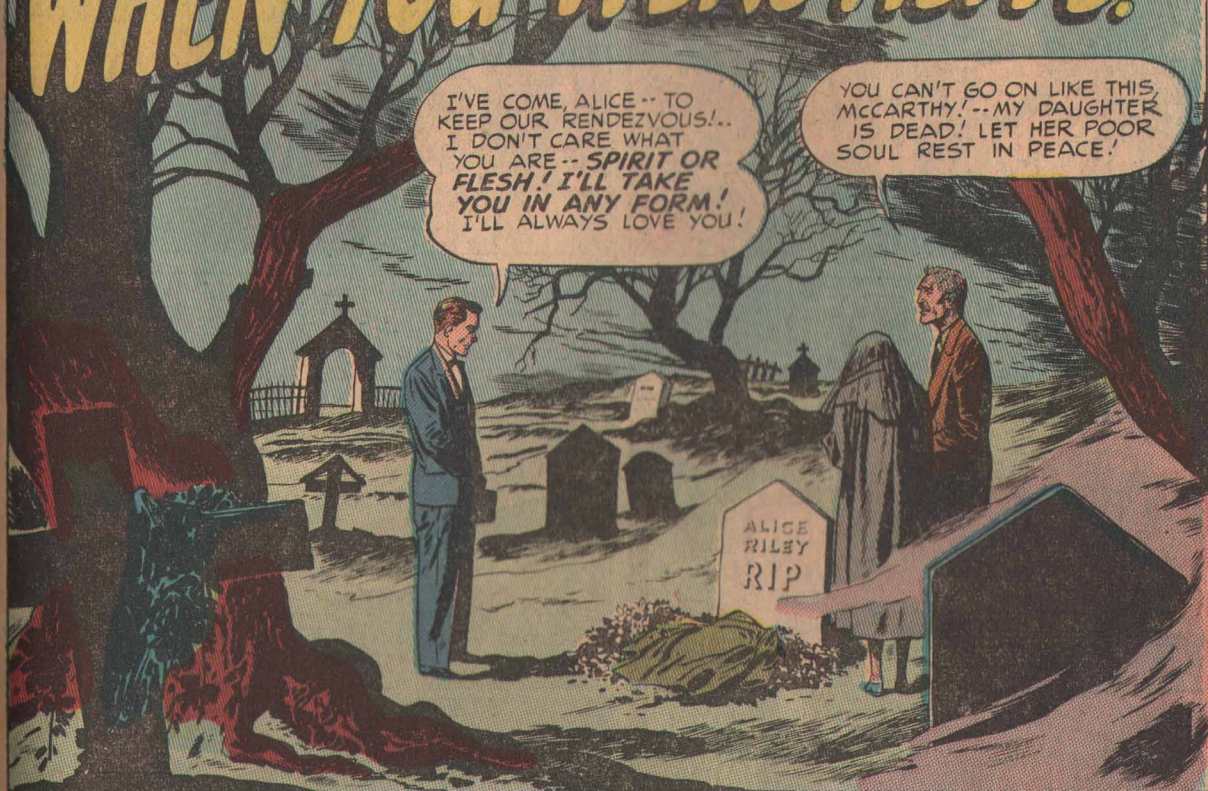
TELL YOUR MOTHER AND
FATHER THEY CAN LEARN
HOW OTHERS WON BETTER
SCHOOLS BY WRITING TO -
"NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION
FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS,
2 WEST 46TH STREET
NEW YORK 19 NEW YORK"

What are you searching for, Alice? Is it the gay parties of youth-- the warmth of a young man's arms around you?--The laughter, the pranks of people your own age?--The romance you never had...

WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE!

I'VE COME, ALICE-- TO KEEP OUR RENDEZVOUS!... I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU ARE-- **SPIRIT OR FLESH!** I'LL TAKE YOU IN ANY FORM! I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU!

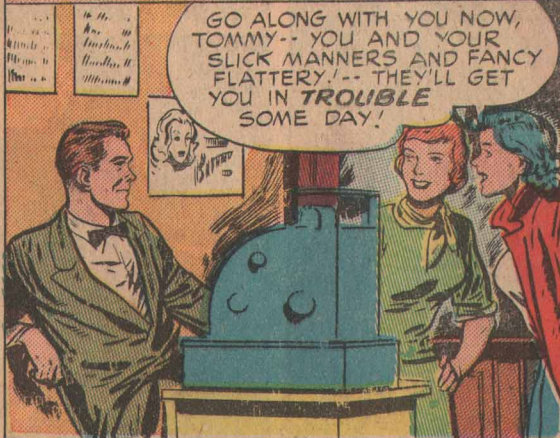
YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, MCCARTHY!-- MY DAUGHTER IS DEAD! LET HER POOR SOUL REST IN PEACE!



HERE IS A STORY WHICH HAS BEEN TOLD AND RETOLD FOR MANY YEARS! --WHERE DID **YOU** HEAR IT? DID IT HAPPEN TO A FELLOW IN MEMPHIS?-- IN CINCINNATI?-- CHICAGO? WELL, WE'VE HEARD IT FROM SEVERAL PERSONS --AND EACH OF THEM SWORE THAT IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO HIM! THIS IS ONE OF THE ACCOUNTS---

THOMAS MCCARTHY WORKED IN A LUNCH ROOM ON LONG ISLAND'S NORTH SHORE-- HE WAS A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN WITH A ROVING EYE AND A WAY WITH THE LADIES...

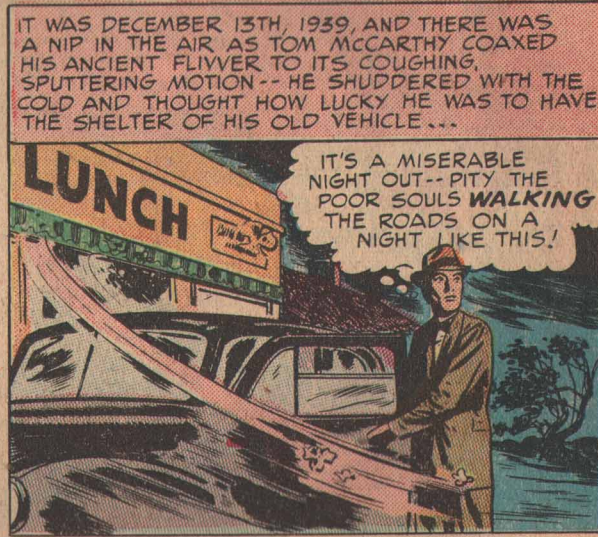
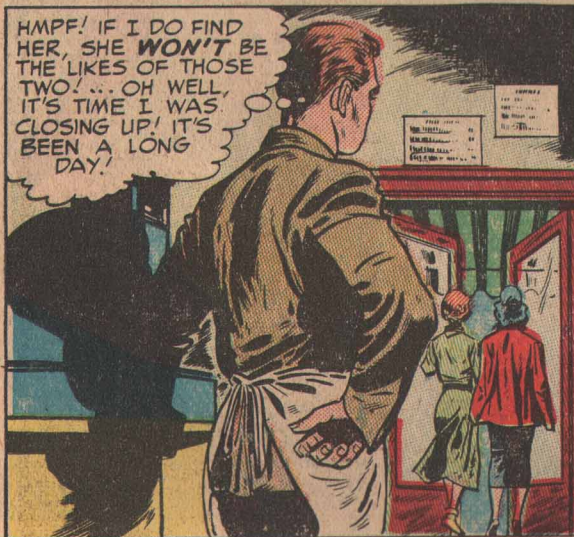
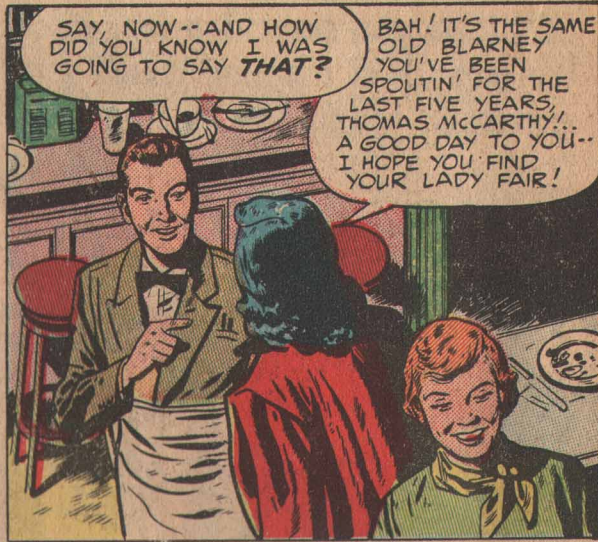
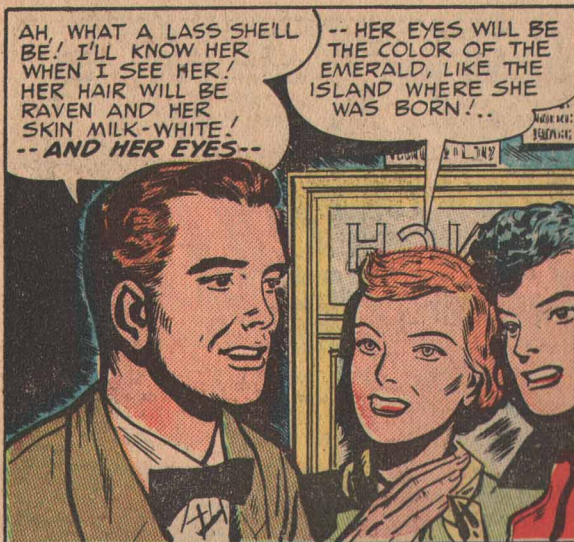
GO ALONG WITH YOU NOW, TOMMY-- YOU AND YOUR SLICK MANNERS AND FANCY FLATTERY!-- THEY'LL GET YOU IN **TROUBLE** SOME DAY!



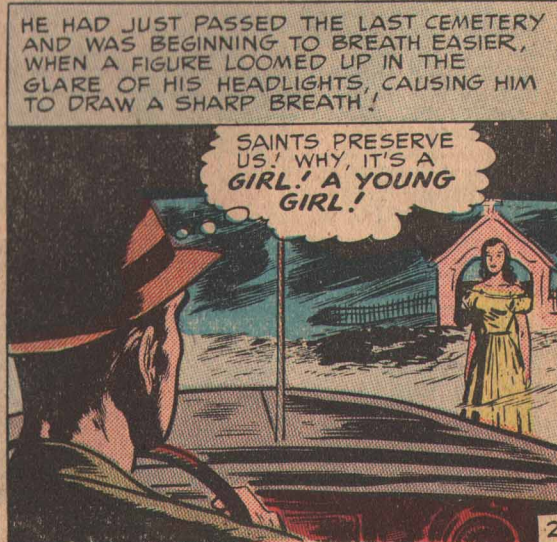
YOU'LL BE IN A **PRETTY** MESS WHEN YOU COME ACROSS A GIRL WHO **BELIEVES** ALL YOUR FINE STORIES! WHAT THEN?

THE GIRL WHO BELIEVES MY STORIES WILL BE THE GIRL FOR THOMAS MCCARTHY, LADIES!





THE COUNTRYSIDE GREW MORE DISMAL AS TOM CHUGGED ALONG HOMEWARD--- THE LAND WAS DOTTED WITH SEVERAL SMALL CEMETERIES--- TOM WAS NOT A SENSITIVE LAD, BUT ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS HE WOULD RACE PAST THESE LAND-MARKS, KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE ROAD STRAIGHT AHEAD OF HIM...





IT'S A DANGEROUS PLACE YOU'VE CHOSEN FOR A STROLL, LASS-- I ALMOST RAN YOU DOWN-- AND YOU SUCH A **PRETTY** ONE, TOO!



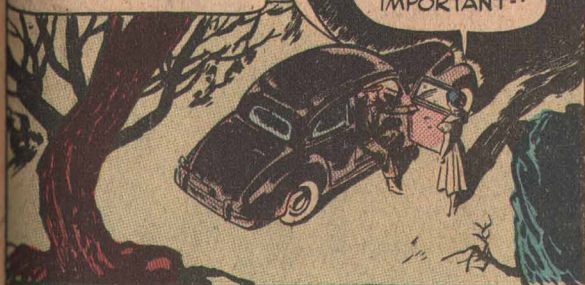
YOU DON'T ANSWER ME, MISS.. YOUR TONGUE IS LIKELY FROZEN WITH THE COLD-- CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT?

I-I WAS WALKING HOME-- IT **IS** A LONG WALK-- IT WOULD BE KIND OF YOU TO DRIVE ME THERE!

TOM PUSHED THE DOOR OPEN AND HIS FEARS VANISHED AS HE GOT A CLOSER LOOK AT THE GIRL -- HER MOVEMENTS WERE GRACEFUL--AND SHE WAS **BEAUTIFUL!**

WELL, THIS **IS** MY LUCKY NIGHT! EVEN IN THIS LIGHT, I CAN SEE THE CHARM ABOUT YOU-- YOUR HAIR-- IT'S RAVEN-- AND YOUR SKIN IS MILK-WHITE!

YOU SOUND AS THOUGH THAT WAS QUITE IMPORTANT--



AS THE FLIVVER RUMBLLED INTO THE LIGHT-SPECKED VILLAGE, TOM GREW BOLDER-- HE WAS GETTING ALONG FAMOUSLY WITH THE GIRL AND MEANT TO MAKE THE MOST OF THIS MEETING ...

IT IS MY MISFORTUNE THAT I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE-- BY THE WAY, MISS, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES?

I GUESS YOU'D CALL THEM **EMERALD!** WHY DO YOU ASK?



YOU'RE THE LOVELIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN! I DO BELIEVE THE GOOD PROVIDENCE MEANT US TO MEET THIS WAY-- **"SEND THIS COLLEEN TO THOMAS MCCARTHY,"** THEY MUST HAVE SAID-- **"A SENSIBLE** LAD LIKE THAT WILL APPRECIATE HER!"--

I LOVE THE STORIES YOU TELL, AND I WON'T DENY THAT I ENJOY YOUR FLATTERY-- EVEN IF YOU **HAVEN'T** ASKED ME MY **NAME!**



IT'S **ALICE RILEY**, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED-- BUT I'M ALMOST HOME NOW-- I LIVE JUST AROUND THE BEND-- 21 BAYSIDE LANE!

THAT IS MY OWN MISFORTUNE, **ALICE RILEY**, THAT WE SHOULD BE HOME SO SOON! -- BUT I WILL SEE TO YOUR DOOR!-- I WISH TO KNOW YOUR PARENTS!



THERE WAS NO DENYING THOMAS MCCARTHY NOW! HE HAD FOUND HIS LADY FAIR AND HE WAS DETERMINED THAT SHE SHOULD NOT SLIP FROM HIS GRASP-- BUT AS THE FLIVVER PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE IVY-COVERED COTTAGE, SHE BECAME STRANGELY FLUTTERED AND CONFUSED...

NO--NO, I'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T COME IN NOW. THOMAS MCCARTHY... MY PARENTS WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND--

I CANNOT LET YOU RUN OUT THERE IN THAT FLIMSY DRESS, ALICE-- THE LEAST I CAN DO IS WRAP MY COAT AROUND YOU!



BESIDES, IT WILL GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO **SEE** YOU AGAIN! I SHALL CALL TO PICK UP MY COAT-- TOM MCCARTHY IS A SHREWD ONE ALL RIGHT!

BUT, TOM--



TOM WAS INSISTENT-- AND AS HE WATCHED THE GIRL DISAPPEAR INTO THE THICK FOLIAGE SURROUNDING THE HOUSE, HE HEAVED A SIGH OF HEAVENLY BLISS!... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS YOUNG LIFE HE WAS IN **LOVE!**



A GOODNIGHT TO YOU, LOVELY ALICE RILEY-- MAY YOU HAVE PLEASANT DREAMS TONIGHT!

TOM SLEPT FITFULLY THAT NIGHT--THE VISION OF THE GIRL WAS CONSTANTLY BEFORE HIM IN AN EVER CHANGING PANORAMA OF DREAM-WORLD FANTASIES-- **HE LITTLE REALIZED THAT THE EVENTS WHICH WERE TO FOLLOW WOULD AFFORD A SPINE-CHILLING EXPLANATION TO HIS STRANGE CONCEPTIONS...**



A GOODNIGHT TO YOU, LOVELY ALICE.. I'LL MEET YOU TOMORROW AT THE CEMETERY!



YOU CANNOT COME WITH ME, THOMAS MCCARTHY-- --NOT YET-- AND I'M SO LONELY-- SO LONELY--

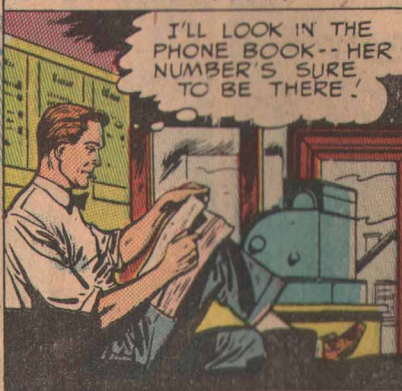


DON'T GO, MY DARLIN'-- COME BACK-- THERE'S AN ICY CHILL UPON YOU--AND YOU'RE NEEDIN' THE WARMTH OF ME ARMS--

NO, THOMAS--IT IS NOT THE COLD OF THE NIGHT-- OH--TOM-- I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE--! I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK--



THE DREAM WAS TOO REALISTIC-- BUT TOM WAS YOUNG AND HIS MEMORY WAS SHORT-- BY EIGHT O'CLOCK OF THE NEXT DAY, HE WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO HIS NEW ROMANCE WITH ALL THE EAGERNESS OF YOUTH--

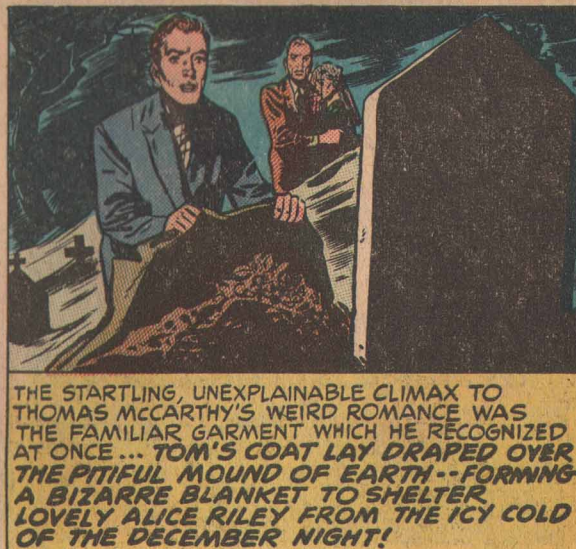
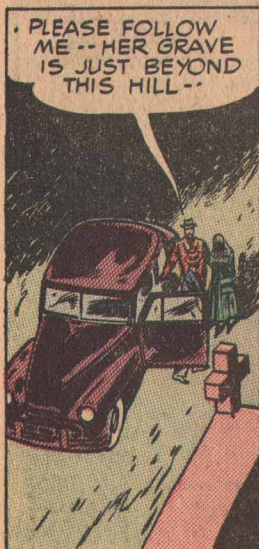
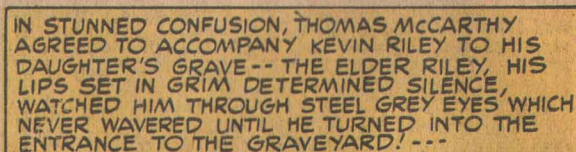


THE DAY STARTED OUT NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER DAY AT THE RILEY HOUSEHOLD-- KEVIN RILEY SHAVED IN THE MORNING, RAN FOR HIS COMMUTER TRAIN, PUT IN EIGHT MONOTONOUS HOURS IN THE INSURANCE OFFICE WHERE HE WAS AN ASSISTANT MANAGER, AND RETURNED TO MRS. RILEY'S FINE SUPPER OF IRISH STEW-- IT WAS THE PHONE CALL THAT CAUSED THE CHANGE--



THOMAS MCCARTHY WAS CONFUSED, TO SAY THE LEAST-- HIS FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO FORGET THE WHOLE AFFAIR, BUT HIS CURIOSITY AND CONCERN FOR ALICE GOT THE BETTER OF HIM-- IN A MATTER OF MINUTES HE WAS AT THE RILEY HOME!





REDUCE FAT!

UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK
LOSE Ugly FAT!

A Scientific Way to

LOSE WEIGHT

Enjoy the pep and energy of a slimmer figure the Dr. Phillips approved way!

REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

Don't be denied a beautiful, attractive figure. Lose ugly excess fat NOW! We guarantee it! The KELPIDINE Plan does the work with little effort on your part, is HARMLESS as indicated and supplies a healthful food mineral. YOU'LL BENEFIT REDUCING THIS WAY! Proven results are shown quickly. Many report losing 15, 20, 30 pounds and even more in a matter of weeks. With THE KELPIDINE PLAN, ugly fat and extra inches seem to disappear like magic. Kelpidine (fucus) is the only known food product listed in medical dictionaries as an ANTI-FAT, AND AS AN AID IN REDUCING. A United States Government Agency classified KELPIDINE as a food. Thrill again to the carefree days when your figure was slim and lovely! Now you may shed those disfiguring bulges on Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE PLAN. It's tried and proven, easy to follow. It helps restore the right curves in the right places! MAIL COUPON AND TEST IT AT HOME FOR 10 DAYS FREE AT OUR EXPENSE!

**NO STARVING
NO EXERCISE
NO LAXATIVES
NO DRUGS
NO MASSAGE**

**Supplies A
HEALTHFUL
Food Mineral**

Money-Back Guarantee With A 10-Day Free Trial!

\$2

If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE.



"Thanks to Kelpidine in just a few weeks I lost four inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing!" ANN LESLIE, N. Y. City

MAIL COUPON NOW!

**AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS Co., Dept. 340
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey**

Send me at once for \$2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City State

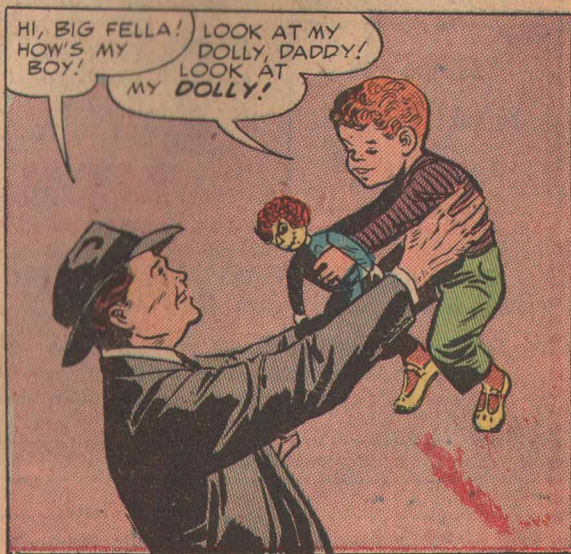
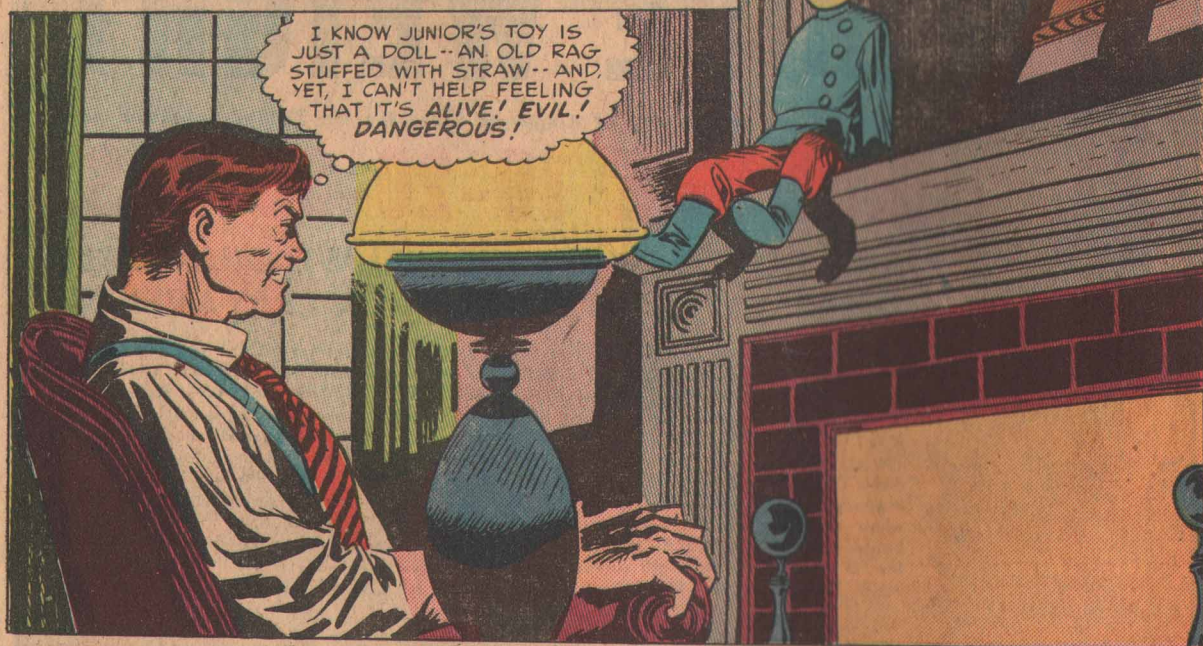
I enclose \$5. Send three months' supply.

FREE

The famous Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan which has helped many lose 10, 20 and up to 30 pounds, quickly and safely will be sent absolutely FREE with your order.

Mommy shouldn't have taken Johnnie's remark so lightly! Because, they say that some toys are different—that some dolls are not made in toy shops!

MY DOLLY is the DEVIL!!



"I REMEMBER JOHNNY THRUSTING THE DOLL INTO MY HANDS... IT WAS DIRTY—ITS CLOTH TATTERED—WORN—AND THERE WAS AN ODD, TINGLING SENSATION IN MY FINGERS AS I HELD IT..."

IT ISN'T VERY CLEAN, IS IT, JOHNNY? I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN THIS ONE BEFORE!

I FOUND IT, DADDY! IT CALLED TO ME! IT SAID IT BELONGED TO ME!

"IT DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO ME, THEN! LOTS OF KIDS THINK THEIR DOLLS TALK TO THEM! I JUST DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF JOHNNY HAVING PICKED IT UP IN SOME UNSANITARY PLACE! THAT'S WHY I EXAMINED IT CLOSELY AFTER DINNER..."

IT'S FUNNY HOW THESE KIDS TAKE A LIKING TO OLD BITS OF RAG AND STRAW THAT HAPPEN TO LIE AROUND—

OH! YOU MEAN THE DOLL! YES, IT IS. I TRIED TO GET HIM TO THROW IT AWAY BUT HE WOULDN'T! SAYS IT TALKS TO HIM!

KIDS ARE AN IMAGINATIVE LOT! JUST THE SAME, WE'D BETTER GET RID OF IT! NO TELLING WHERE IT CAME FROM—OR WHAT KIND OF GERMS IT CARRIES.

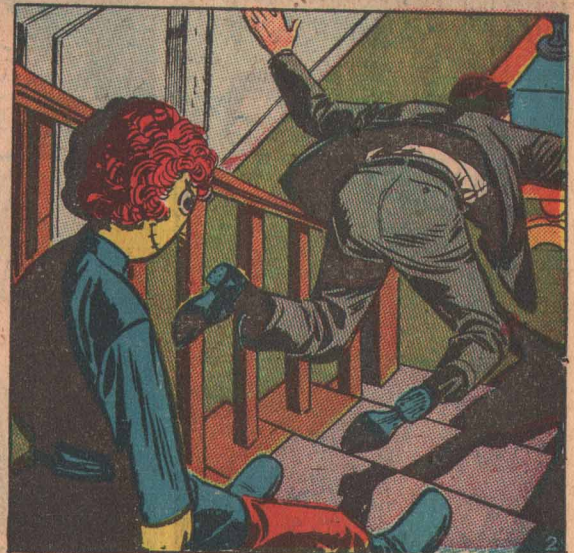
GET RID OF IT? YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OFFSPRING, RAY SHELTON! JOHNNY WOULD BE HEART-BROKEN! I'LL HAVE VERA CLEAN IT UP WHEN SHE COMES BACK IN THE MORNING!

"I DIDN'T PRESS THE ISSUE... AS LONG AS JOHNNY'S "DOLLY" WAS MADE SAFE TO LAY WITH, IT CEASED TO CONCERN ME, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE EVER SLEPT MORE SOUNDLY THAN I DID THAT NIGHT! I FELT ALMOST DRUGGED IN THE MORNING!"

WHEW! I FEEL LIKE THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE!

"YES, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY FAULT! I WASN'T WATCHING WHERE I WAS GOING! BUT INANIMATE OBJECTS DON'T MOVE! THEY DON'T CLUTCH AND HOLD!"

HEY!



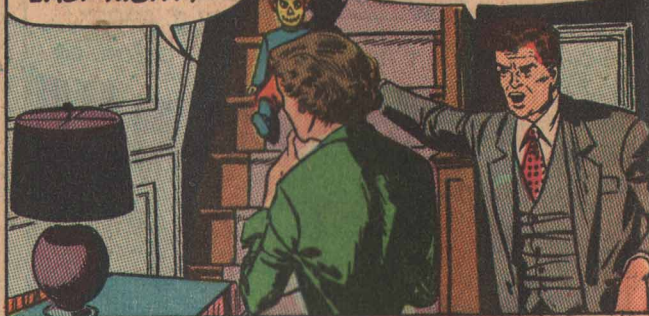
"IT WAS A BAD FALL! AT THE BOTTOM, I JUST MISSED THE EDGE OF A TABLE! BUT I DID NOT LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS! THAT WAS WHY I SAW IT! I **KNOW** I SAW IT! THE DOLL MOVED! ITS EXPRESSION CHANGED! AND I COULD SWEAR THAT IT LOOKED... DISAPPOINTED!



MY GOODNESS, RAY! WHAT HAPPENED?

I... I FELL! I... WHO MOVED THAT TABLE?

WHY, I... I DON'T KNOW! IT WASN'T STANDING THERE LAST NIGHT!



AND WHO PUT THAT DOLL ON THE LANDING? I LEFT IT HERE, IN THIS ROOM!

YOU'RE SHOUTING, RAY! ARE YOU **SURE** YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?



I'M NOT SURE OF ANYTHING! I WANT TO KNOW... I... I'M SORRY, HONEY! FORGET IT! I... I GUESS I'M JUST A BIT SHAKEN UP!

"YOU JUST DON'T TELL PEOPLE THAT YOU THINK A **DOLL** TRIED TO KILL YOU! YOU DON'T EVEN TELL IT TO YOURSELF! I WORKED HARD THAT DAY... SO I WOULDN'T THINK! AND I WON! BY EVENING I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN MY SILLY SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS!



GOOD EVENING, MR. SHELTON!

HELLO, VERA... SAY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR HAND?

IT'S JUST A SCRATCH, MR. SHELTON! I'M NOT SURE HOW I ACTUALLY CUT IT... IT HAPPENED WHILE I WAS WASHING JOHNNY'S DOLL!



I... I SEE...

"I WASN'T VERY GOOD COMPANY AT DINNER! I KEPT STARING AT MY SON! JOHNNY'S FONDNESS FOR THAT DOLL WAS ALMOST... UNNATURAL!

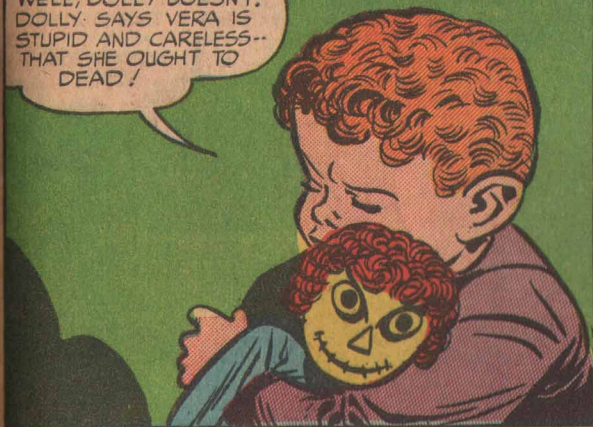
HOW... HOW'S YOUR NEW DOLL, JOHNNY? ALL CLEANED UP?



YES, HE IS! BUT, DOLLY DIDN'T LIKE TO GET WET... DOLLY SAYS VERA IS A **BAD** WOMAN, DADDY! SHE HURT DOLLY!

WHY, JOHNNY! THAT'S NOT A NICE THING TO SAY! I THOUGHT YOU LIKED VERA...

WELL, DOLLY DOESN'T!
DOLLY SAYS VERA IS
STUPID AND CARELESS--
THAT SHE OUGHT TO
BE DEAD!



"I'M NOT A POOR MAN! JOHNNY HAD LOTS OF TOYS!
BUT FROM THEN ON, HE NEVER TOUCHED ANY OF THEM!
THE DOLL AND HE BECAME INSEPARABLE! HE SLEPT WITH
IT! PLAYED WITH IT! TALKED TO IT...AND I WASN'T THE
ONLY ONE WHO CAME TO DESPISE THAT SHABBY TOY!"

I... I KNOW IT'S FOOLISH, MR.
SHELTON! BUT I MUST MENTION
IT! MY ROOM IS NEXT TO JOHNNY'S--
AND AT NIGHT I... I **HEAR**
THINGS!

THINGS? WHAT
SORT OF
THINGS?



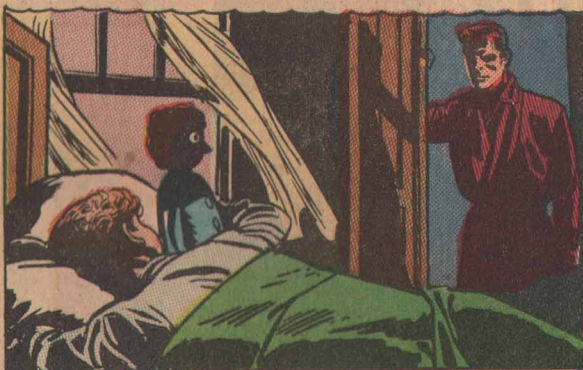
"I DIDN'T TRY TO TALK THE GIRL OUT OF IT! BUT IF I
ONLY HAD! IF I ONLY HAD, SHE...SHE STILL MIGHT BE
ALIVE TODAY! MY SLEEP WAS TROUBLED THAT NIGHT!
AND, SOMETIME, JUST BEFORE DAWN, I AWOKE!"

RAY! WHERE ARE
YOU GOING? IT MUST
BE FIVE IN THE
MORNING!

GO BACK TO SLEEP,
MAE! I... I'M JUST
RESTLESS!



"I HAD THREATENED TO GET RID OF THE DOLL...AND
SUFFERED AN ACCIDENT! VERA HAD MANHANDLED IT...
AND WAS CUT! ACTS OF **REPRISAL** BY A...DOLL?
THE THOUGHT WAS SO GROTESQUE...I COULDN'T SLEEP!"



I HEAR VOICES! **TWO VOICES!**
JOHNNY'S AND...ANOTHER ONE!
I'M SCARED, MR. SHELTON! I'M
SCARED TO STAY IN THIS
HOUSE! THAT... THAT'S
WHY I'M LEAVING!

ALL RIGHT, VERA!
IF YOU'VE MADE
UP YOUR MIND...
I... I'LL HAVE
YOUR CHECK FOR
YOU WHEN YOU
LEAVE IN THE
MORNING!



"RESTLESS? I WAS **FRIGHTENED!** FRIGHTENED WITH
A FEAR THAT CONSTRICTED MY THROAT! RAISED THE
HAIR ON THE NAPE OF MY NECK! I SENSED SOMETHING
IN THAT SILENT DARKNESS! DANGER! MENACE! EVIL!
WHATEVER IT WAS...IT SEEMED TO FOUL THE VERY
AIR WITH ITS PRESENCE!"



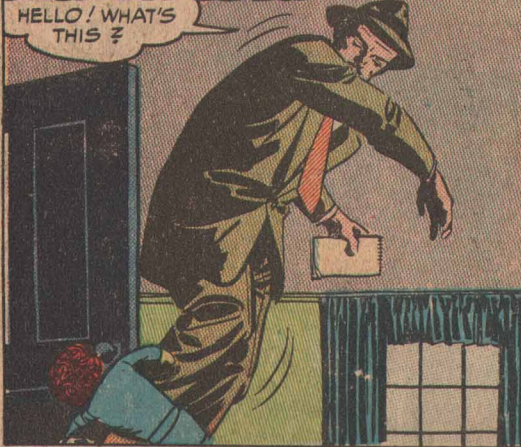
"IT GREW **STRONGER** AS I NEARED VERA'S ROOM! AND SUDDENLY, I KNEW WHAT IT WAS!

GAS!



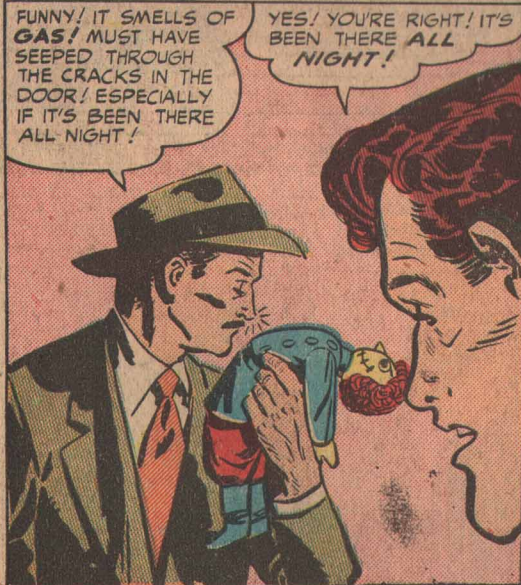
"THERE HAD BEEN NOTHING ON THE LANDING WHEN WE WENT TO VERA'S ROOM! I'M CERTAIN OF THAT! BUT WHEN WE STARTED TO LEAVE, IT WAS THERE! **THE DOLL**... AS IF IT HAD BEEN LISTENING AT THE DOOR!

HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?



FUNNY! IT SMELLS OF **GAS!** MUST HAVE SEEPED THROUGH THE CRACKS IN THE DOOR! ESPECIALLY IF IT'S BEEN THERE ALL NIGHT!

YES! YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S BEEN THERE **ALL NIGHT!**



"VERA WAS DEAD! WHEN THE POLICE CAME THEY EXPLAINED THE WHOLE THING! IT WAS SIMPLE THE WAY THEY FIGURED IT... **TOO SIMPLE!**

IT ISN'T HARD TO FIGURE OUT, MR. SHELTON... THE GIRL TURNED ON THE GAS HEATER AND FELL ASLEEP! SOMETIME DURING THE NIGHT, THE FLAME WENT OUT! THESE THINGS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME!

YES, I... I SUPPOSE SO!

POOR, POOR VERA!



WAS THIS THE MAID'S DOLL?

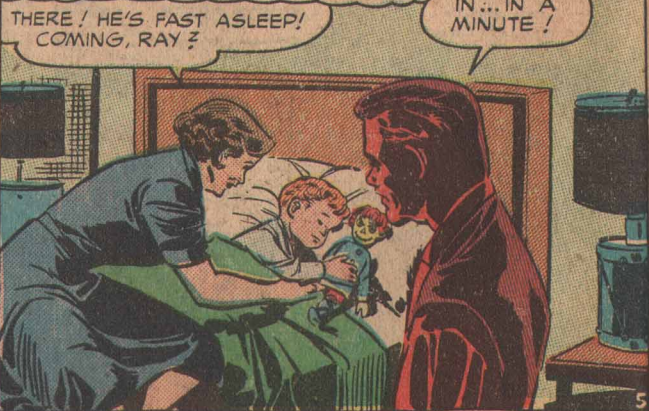
WHY... WHY, NO! IT... IT BELONGS TO MY LITTLE BOY!



"WHAT WAS I DO... TELL THE POLICE, **"THERE'S YOUR CULPRIT."** THE DOLL IS THE MURDERER! I DON'T TRY TO EXPLAIN IT! I ONLY KNEW THAT FROM THE DAY THAT DOLL ENTERED MY HOUSE, EVIL WAS ALL AROUND US! A DOZEN TIMES IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED I TRIED TO DESTROY IT... BUT I COULDN'T TOUCH IT! I DIDN'T DARE!

THERE! HE'S FAST ASLEEP! COMING, RAY?

IN... IN A MINUTE!



NOW'S MY CHANCE!
I'LL PICK UP THAT
HELLISH DOLL AND
TEAR IT TO SHREDS!
I'LL... I'LL... NO—
I CAN'T DO IT!
I CAN'T...



"CALL ME MAD, CALL ME A FOOL,
BUT I TELL YOU THAT DOLL
GRINNED! IT GRINNED AT ME...
AND I FLED! DOWNSTAIRS, I SAT
FOR HOURS! AFRAID TO MOVE,
AFRAID TO THINK!



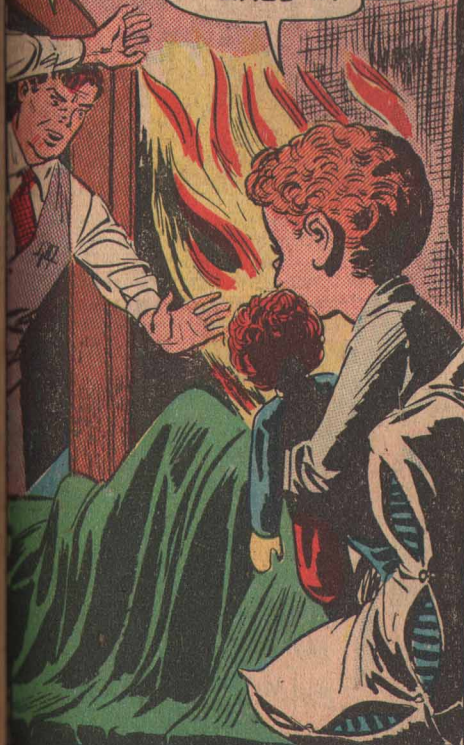
"THE HOURS PASSED! THEY WERE
LONG HOURS... AT FIRST, I WASN'T
SURE I HEARD IT! BUT I DID HEAR
IT! A SCUFFLING NOISE... LIKE THE
SOUND OF TINY FEET! **DOLL'S**
FEET? I SNAPPED FORWARD, IN
MY CHAIR! DOLL! DANGER!
JOHNNY!

THAT'S STRANGE!
LIGHT IN JOHNNY'S
ROOM! SOMEONE...
SOMETHING DARTING
ABOUT...



JOHNNY!

YOU MUSTN'T PUT OUT
THE FIRE, DADDY! DOLLY
LIKES IT!



"I YANKED THE BLAZING CURTAIN FROM JOHNNY'S WINDOW AND
NIPPED THAT FIRE BEFORE IT COULD SPREAD! TREMBLING IN EVERY
FIBRE, I GAVE SILENT THANKS FOR MY INSOMNIA! LATER, WE SAT
IN THE LIVING ROOM! MAE, MYSELF, JOHNNY AND THE DOLL!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
HOW COULD A FIRE HAVE
STARTED IN THE NURSERY?
UNLESS, JOHNNY...

MAYBE... MAYBE
NOT! DID YOU
START THAT
FIRE, JOHNNY?

NO, DADDY! MY
DOLLY STARTED
IT! HE SAID FIRE
WAS PRETTY!



OH, THAT'S
NONSENSE!
THE BOY
DESERVES
A GOOD
SPANKING!

LET ME RUN THIS SHOW FOR
ONCE, MAE!
THERE'S MORE
TO ASK
JOHNNY?

BUT DOLLY
DID LIGHT
THE FIRE,
DADDY! I
SAW HIM!

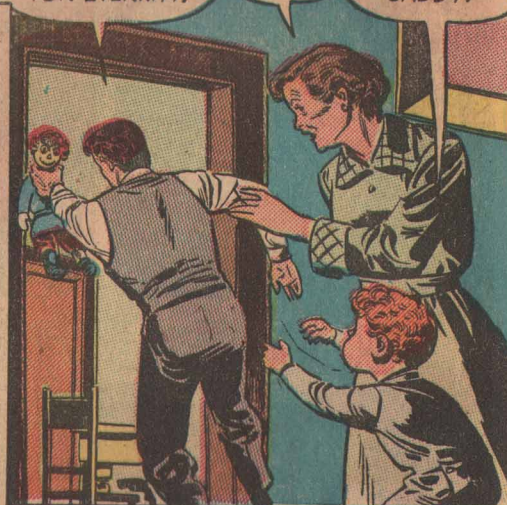
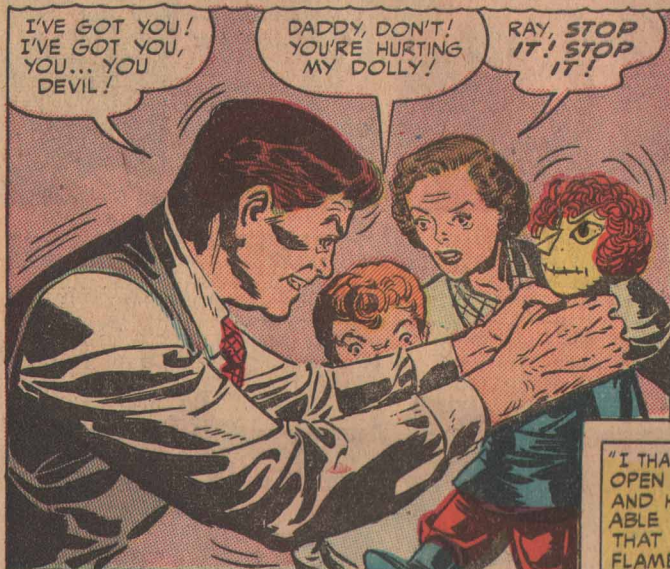




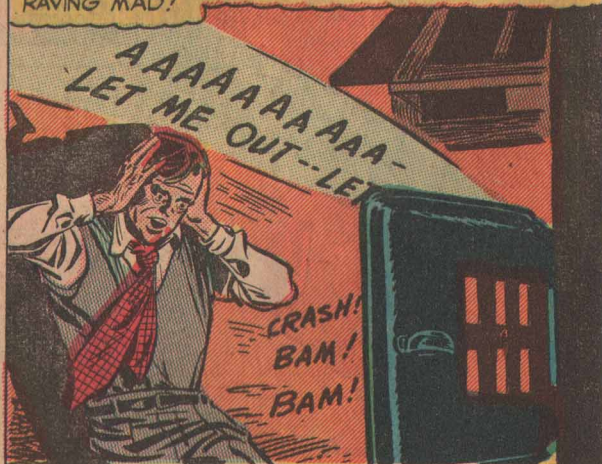
SO YOU LIKE FIRE, DO YOU! I'LL GIVE YOU FIRE! ENOUGH TO LAST YOU FOR ETERNITY!

NO, RAY! YOU'RE MAD!

DADDY, DON'T HURT MY DOLLY! PLEASE DADDY!



"I THANKED HEAVEN THAT MAE AND JOHNNY COULDN'T OPEN THAT BASEMENT DOOR--COULDN'T WITNESS AND HEAR THE VILE THING THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STRUGGLE AND CLAW--BUT DID! THE THING THAT WAS STILL POUNDING AND SCREAMING IN THE FLAMES--LONG AFTER I HAD THROWN IT INTO THE FURNACE AND HELD MY EARS TO KEEP FROM GOING RAVING MAD!"



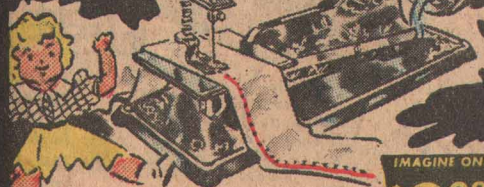
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REAL SEWING ACTION

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- Vinylite Bellows

- Brass Reeds
- All-Plastic Construction

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Complete With
FREE
Instruction Book.

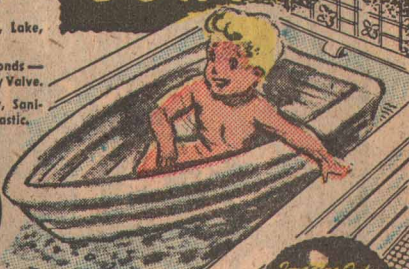
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MAKES tub time an exciting high-sea adventure for Captain Kiddie . . . a pleasure cruise for Mother! Moors as safely in a tub as a flat-top in dry dock. Easily deflated for stowing away. Inflates quickly for fun at the beach or pool, lake or pond. Shaped like an honest-to-goodness rowboat . . . 36" long. Made of sturdy Vinylite plastic in attractive two-tone color combination. An excellent tub trainer—makes a thrilling voyage at every bath! Order yours today!

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Hello!
I'm **SANDY!**
I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY
HAIR!

I have
RUBBER
WONDERSKIN!

TERRIFIC
VALUE!

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**FREE
HAIR
WAVE
KIT!**

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber **WONDERSKIN** with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with . . . plastic cutters, . . . rubber waving bands, . . . waving end papers, plastic comb and . . . bottle of doll hair lotion. **ADORABLE SANDY**, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.

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☐ \$ _____ purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

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SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

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We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Read *their* grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's *better* than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at *our* risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! © Ward Laboratories, Inc. 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

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1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
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We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world.

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Portola, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

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This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back unless you actually **SEE, FEEL** and **ENJOY** all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

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More Up-Lift and Hold-in Power!

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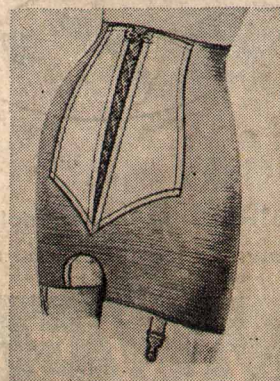
Test the ADJUST-O-BELT Up-Lift Principle with Your Own Hands!

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you, only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!

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The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderizing figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to its slimmest lines. Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order costing 2 or 3 times the price. It washes like a dream.

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